At Last—VALENTINO Comes BACK to SCREEN

Complete Story on Page 4

Movie Weekly

December 1
1923

10¢

Rudolph Valentino
PHOTO By RUSSELL BALL

Special Baby Peggy Number

Wanted:— A Beautiful Girl

See page 7

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

No. 43

VALENTINO returns to America

Coming

Welcome, Rudy

Girls, Valentino is back!

The handsome, dark-eyed ideal of countless feminine hearts has returned to America—the land of his spectacular rise to fame—upon the eve of his commencing to return to pictures.

We met him at the boat, shook him by the hand, welcomed him in the name of Movie Weekly and then heard all he had to say about his trip abroad and how glad he was to be back again in the "land of the free."

He's the same old Rudy, too, girls; just as handsome, just as debonair, as he was when you saw him in "Blood and Sand," wielding the lance of a toreador.

Would you care to know what his first words were when he came down the gangplank? Then read next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

It will be on the newsstands Thursday.

AND DON'T MISS IT!

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Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.
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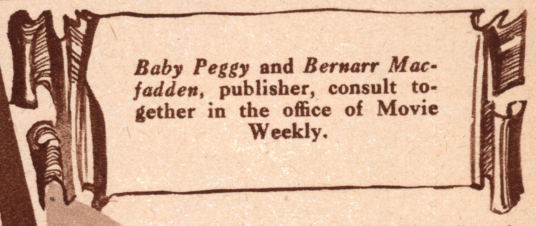
SSH! Can you keep a secret? Baby PEGGY came to see us

"They say no woman can keep a secret but I can."

BABY PEGGY.

Adorable mite of the screen *visits office* of Movie Weekly and *bestows dimpled smile* upon every one



Baby Peggy and *Bernarr Macfadden*, publisher, consult together in the office of Movie Weekly.

Baby Peggy tiny screen star, whose earning power is estimated at $500,000 a year.

SAY!

Do you want to know something?

Baby Peggy was up here the other day. Yes, sir, with her Ma and her Pa. And with her big sister, Louise, who is eight years old.

And she skipped about the offices of Movie Weekly like a tiny sunbeam riding on a flower and had her picture "took." And met Mr. Macfadden, who publishes Movie Weekly. And had a lovely time while we——

Just stood by and looked on and laughed and loved her. For her adorable charm. This tiny girl of five. Who is the youngest star on the screen. And who earns a fortune yearly. Darling Baby Peggy!

SHE never walks, you know, when she proceeds from one place to another. No, sir, she SKIPS! In her little blue taffeta suit, that has regular pants n' everything, she skips over the floor in a joyous sort of way that sent a thrill through the hearts of about three hundred of the Macfadden employees when the tiny baby girl went busily about, greeting some and beaming on the others.

Only once did she pause — completely arrested. This was before a large, colored and framed photograph of Bernarr Macfadden in gymnasium trunks. The muscular development of the man who publishes Movie Weekly seemed to fascinate little Peggy and her sister Louise, for they both stood open-mouthed for a period of three minutes, which is a long time when one is five, staring at the portrait that presented the muscular figure of the man they both had just so recently met.

And then—whoop la!—they were off to conquer new fields, which, in this instance, happened to be the heart of Mr. Oursler, the supervising editor of the Macfadden Magazines, who has two little tots of his own and who, therefore, understands the ways of children.

MR. OURSLER seriously explained to Peggy the mysteries of his automatic memorandum pad which projects a sheet of paper into your hand by a light pressure upon a spring. And Peggy—all eyes—looked on and marveled.

And then the photographers! Five of them were present to photograph the tiny girl for the newspapers.

Yes, sir. We had Baby Peggy up to visit us. And we won't forget it soon, either. She came up and stayed awhile and then departed—leaving a great big heartache behind her.

But we're glad of one thing now and that is that we feel we know her; just as we're certain you will know her after you have read this issue of Movie Weekly.

Rudolph VALENTINO

Rudolph Valentino, popular screen star, who will shortly return to the screen.

Famous *screen star* will make a feature *picture abroad* under the auspices of *John D. Williams*

By T. Howard Kelly

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is coming back to the screen!

At last it seems that a magic wand has been waved over the doors which have so long barred him from the silver screen. Time, and J. D. Williams, president of the Ritz-Carlton Pictures have conspired to bring about the return of this young man whose romantic appeal once swayed thousands of film fans in this country.

Such was the news furnished a few days ago by the Ritz-Carlton officials, upon Valentino's arrival in America after a several months' tour of Europe, including a long sojourn in his native Italy. Mr. Williams' statements on this matter indicate that his own recent flying trip abroad was occasioned by a desire to complete arrangements for making a Valentino picture in England. At the time of his sailing it was generally understood that his trip was only to afford an opportunity to study film conditions in England, and to confer with Rudy regarding the first picture he was to make under the Williams banner.

Now the information is out that Mr. Williams has practically completed plans to star Valentino in a historical production which will be shot in London studios. A great deal of publicity has followed on the heels of statements credited to Mr. Williams—by London newspapers. In these alleged statements it seems that the Ritz-Carlton executive is out to demonstrate that England can make as good pictures as America.

However, American fandom is more vitally interested in whether or not Valentino is allowed to make a picture than it is in whatever new movie-making methods an American producer may be able to show our cousins across the pond. For this reason we are going to explain a situation that may prevent the successful reappearance of Valentino.

There was quite a great deal of discussion in the newspapers and magazines some time ago when it was publicly announced that the star of "The Sheik," had signed a contract with Williams while one with Famous Players-Lasky was still in existence, even though legal involvements made the latter contract more of a gesture than an actuality at the time.

"I think Mr. Valentino is a nice-looking man."
BABY PEGGY.

The Lasky Corporation secured an injunction restraining the star from any further stage or screen appearance until his present contract with this organization became void upon expiration. According to accurate information supplied in court testimony the original agreement between Valentino and Famous Players expires in February of 1924. It has been generally believed that after February of the coming year Rudy would be able to appear under the Williams banner as a movie star.

However, it is stated by officials of the Famous Players-Lasky organization that they hold the right of renewal on this contract. This right, they state, involves the privilege of making Valentino stand by his contract with them, or else suffer the consequences of having a new injunction secured by Mr. Zukor to restrain Valentino from any picture activities.

Steps, we learn, have already been taken to secure such an injunction. Consequently, the efforts of Mr. Williams to return the famous star to American audiences may be all in vain. Under the present court ruling in this case no Valentino pictures can be exhibited in this country at present, and if the new injunction is granted to cover the renewal privilege, Valentino's picture which is planned to be produced in London will also be barred from this country.

It is to be assumed, of course, that Mr. Williams would not make a statement to the effect that he is going to star Valentino at once, or eventually, unless he has investigated all phases of the legal entanglements now surrounding the young man who danced his way into fame in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Rudy and *Winifred,* his lovely wife, in their charming *New York* apartment.

will appear again in Pictures

He may be under the certain impression that there will be no possibility of further legal barriers to Valentino pictures in this country after February, 1924. His cables and his statements have not divulged whether or not he is going to put the prospective Valentino picture into production before or after the expiration of the Valentino-Famous Players-Lasky contract.

Valentino's departure from the pictures under the circumstances involved has furnished the world of silver make-believe with a situation which is almost unparalleled in many ways. Overnight, as the saying goes, this totally unknown foreign youth danced his way into the romantic dreams of thousands of girl fans all over America.

He became the "rage." His name was on countless lips. Every time a Tango was played people spoke about Rudolph Valentino's magic grace in that unforgettable scene in an Argentine cafe when, as Julio, he twirled the tango girl around in the fascinating tempo of the Spanish dance.

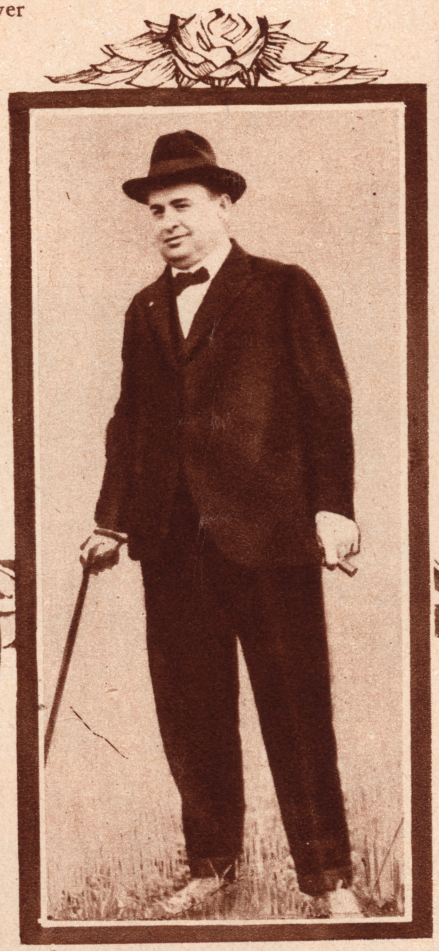
When his legal troubles shadowed his rising star of fame the word went around that he was passing up a golden bid to fame. The public is always fickle when it comes to stage and screen heroes and heroines. A beautiful face and a famous name are soon forgotten.

"Valentino will never come back," they said, after weeks passed and he refused to work before the Famous camera in Hollywood.

"He will be forgotten. It is the law of things."

Such were the feelings of a few who felt themselves qualified as authorities to pass judgment upon the matter of his protracted absence from the silver screen.

More than a year has passed since Valentino went away from the screen. But, time has not seemed to matter so very much. No doubt the intensity of his fascination has grown no less for many. For, he is still in demand, judging from the inquiries this magazine repeatedly receives concerning his return to the screen.



John D. Williams under whose management *Valentino's* picture will be made

Another view of *Rudy* in *"Blood and Sand."*

In spite of what Mr. Williams announces we are afraid that Valentino's return to the screen may not be accomplished as quickly and as easily as the Ritz-Carlton head gives us to understand. However, as the whole situation is not of conjecture, but based entirely upon whatever an American court has ruled, and may rule for the future, it behooves us all to wait on the law which really controls this situation.

In reference to the things Mr. Williams is quoted as having said in England we may glean some information from the following declarations he made as to his own intentions when it comes to producing pictures, especially starring vehicles for Valentino:

"We have succeeded in America," said Mr. Williams, "because we do the thing with thoroughness. We are prepared to spend money and in return we demand the best. There is no reason why London should not be the center of the film industry. England has the finest chances in the world—history, atmosphere and color."

The Westminster Gazette further augments this information by printing an interview with Mr. Williams in which he says he is going to produce in England and that there has never been a "top-notch" British film, and the reason is because the British producers do not go about the business in the right way and do not spend sufficient money or care on their films.

Just why it occurred to no one to do as Mr. Williams is doing in making a picture abroad, is one of those things that are difficult to understand. It seems it would have been the first thing a producer with money to spend would have thought of.

Surely in England and its colonies, France, Italy, Spain and Japan, there is a market which would make the production of a Valentino picture in England a highly profitable affair. But the hindsight invariably is better than the foresight.

Movie Weekly is glad to see that Mr. Williams has the ambition to make pictures which the world can look up to as an indication of our American ability to produce unusual motion picture entertainment. And, if he is successful in his plans to return Mr. Valentino to the English and American movie audiences we are confidentially hoping that his picture will live up to all the expectations his statements have created.

Out of the Cradle—onto the SCREEN

"Mother says she sometimes doesn't know me when I'm all dressed up."
BABY PEGGY

Baby Peggy hasn't a swelled head, so she can still wear small sized hats.

How would you like to be this *Baby Peggy* fan?

Clothes may not make a woman, but *Peggy* is willing to give them a chance, anyway.

When *Peggy* begins to put on airs, it isn't necessary for her to put on much else.

A front view of a "back to nature" pose—without which no set of baby pictures is complete.

Wanted by Larry SEMON— A Beautiful GIRL

Larry Semon, who will shortly appear in "The Girl in the Limousine."

"I wish I was a big beautiful lady like the one Mr. Semon wants."
BABY PEGGY.

"The girl who plays in my next comedy," laughed *Mr. Semon*, "will not be a target for custard pies."

Movie comedian *makes announcement* that he is seeking *unknown beauty* to play with him on screen

An interview with Regina Cannon

"I AM trying to find a girl to play in my new picture," confided that King of Comedians, Larry Semon, to us the other day.

We were lunching at the Biltmore with Mr. Semon. The famous hotel orchestra was playing "Lost, a Wonderful Girl." Perhaps it was that popular selection that reminded Larry of one of his reasons for being in New York.

"If he is just looking for a girl to make famous, just any girl," we reasoned—why not? Whereupon we got out the the faithful lipstick and the box of "country air," better known in all states and California as rouge, and applied them generously. Mr. Semon the meanwhile was ordering the soup.

When he again turned his attention to us we gazed searchingly into his eyes to see just what effect painting the lily had upon him. Larry's expression however, was as non-commital as your employer's when you've asked for an increase in salary.

"The girl," said Mr. Semon, "must have an intelligent face."

"Ah," we reflected, "we might have known there'd be a catch somewhere."

"Of course, I'd like her to be beautiful," continued Larry thoughtfully," with a well-molded features and lovely eyes, but a beauty, in the generally accepted sense of the word, would not make acceptable screen material. You know, people don't care to see the doll-face, golden-haired type of beauty any longer. They prefer pep, vivacity and that indefinable something called charm."

Heavens, we deduced, if one has to meet all those qualifications to be a leading lady, we'd better stay put in our job and write about the leading ladies. It's much simpler and we're nothing if not simple.

By the way, fans, have you ever wondered just what a comedian looks like off-screen? We often have. We remember we got the shock of our life when we met a dapper, serious-minded young man who was introduced to us as Charlie Chaplin. We got another jolt at meeting Mr. Semon. We don't know just what we expected him to be like. We surely didn't think he'd be wearing his trick trousers with the Empress Josephine waist-line, nor the derby hat that rests so gracefully on his ears. We thought he'd be nice, but not as nice as he is and surely not as witty. Some comedians aren't you know, they just put over someone else's bright lines and clever gags. But not so with Larry Semon, he's as bright as the proverbial silver dollar.

"The girl who plays in my next comedy," laughed Mr. Semon, "which is to be 'The Girl in the Limousine' will not be a target for custard pies. It's not going to be that kind of a picture. The audience has outgrown the slapstick stuff. They demand subtlety in comedy nowadays, which proves that picture-making is progressing along the right lines."

"Well," we sighed, "the girl who gets in your film is a mighty lucky one. We're going to send some of the good-looking stenogs in the office down to see you in regard to the job."

"I wish you would," laughed Larry as we got ready to leave.

Baby PEGGY—The

A close-up of *Miss Baby Peggy Montgomery* whose little dimpled smile is *worth a fortune*—Meet the young lady herself.

By David A. Balch

Baby Peggy, youngest screen star, whose dimpled smile is worth a fortune.

"I know Mr. Balch will say nice things about me because he likes little girls." BABY PEGGY.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: *Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Baby Peggy, David A. Balch and Louise Montgomery.*

SHE was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was *glad*.

And up from her tiniest, toddling, baby days, she brought with her a little, roguish, dimpled smile that touches something deep down inside of you, when you see it, with a wand of happiness. She is forty pounds of precious flesh and blood through which the sunshine ripples joyously—a tiny, adorable baby girl who could melt the heart of a bronze image. Baby Peggy—the cutest kid in the world!

Have you seen her? Do you know her? If so, you can understand how we feel in setting down our reactions to this marvelous mite; only if your acquaintance with her is limited to the screen, you can't know just how darling she really is. For the charm she displays upon the silversheet is as nothing compared with that which she possesses in actual life. And when we say this, we wish we could make you feel just how earnestly we mean it.

A year ago we met Jackie Coogan for the first time and fell a helpless victim to Jackie's innocent charm; but Baby Peggy is different. In the first place, she's a girl, and we've always been more or less prejudiced in favor of *girls*, whether they are two years or twenty away from the cradle. And, for the rest, she is just a baby—just a little, indescribably cute youngster, who laughs her way into your heart in an awful hurry, whether you wish it or not.

Let us introduce you to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Montgomery, whom we lunched with recently in their suite at the Hotel Biltmore, and tell you how Baby Peggy came to be—Baby Peggy. It's a story that reads like a yarn from some young people's weekly (and not Movie Weekly, either), with fame and affluence coming to folks who little expected it, nor, indeed, particularly wanted it. It's the story of her rise to screen fame from the obscurity of babyhood and of her placing, through the magic of her appealing little personality, both herself and her family in the spotlight of fame. And we think that's something of an achievement for a little five-year-old girl, say what you will.

Where did she come from? Well, you'll be surprised when we tell you. She came from the heart of the Yosemite Valley and the country of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, where her father was a forest ranger in the U. S. Government Service. High up on the grandeur of the world with nothing save great and awe-inspiring forests and mountain peaks about her, Baby Peggy learned to walk and to talk.

Mr. Montgomery told us of her childhood and one thing in particular we were curious to know.

"Were you conscious," we asked, "of her cuteness in those days?" We wondered if she seemed as adorable to her parents as she certainly is to the rest of the world.

"Yes," he answered slowly, searching back into his memory. "We were conscious of it because she handed us so many laughs when she was commencing to walk. She had a little trick of walk-

Cutest Kid *in the* World

"It's the best belt I ever tasted," remarked *Mr. Montgomery, Peggy's* father.

SCREEN STAR AND EDITOR MEET
Baby Peggy in the arms of *David A. Balch*, editor of *Movie Weekly*.

ing on her heels in the way that Charlie Chaplin used to round corners, and we never wearied of watching her nor of laughing at her actions."

"How did you get her in the movies?" we continued, which we imagine is what a good many others are curious to know.

Mr. Montgomery lighted a cigarette and gazed drolly at the baby, who was seated on our knee.

"I'D been in the Government service for several years," he replied, "and the prospect of wintering in the Canyon that year didn't look so good to me; so I decided to go to Needles and get a job in the railroad shops. I'm an outdoor man, you know," he added gravely, which, indeed, he looks to be, "and only the fact that we'd have to use snow shoes to go anywhere if we stayed in the mountains, decided me on town life for the winter.

"And it was on a street in Needles that it all started. We met a woman we had known formerly, and when she saw Baby, she said :'Why don't you take that child to Hollywood and put her in pictures?'

"As it happened, we'd been contemplating a visit to Los Angeles, and the result of it all was we went and I finally got the Baby into the Century Comedy studios, where she commenced work at $7.50 a day." Mr. Montgomery smiled with faint irony.

Baby Peggy as she appears in one of her pictures.

"They didn't want to pay it, either," he added. "They raised hands of holy horror at the thought of paying more than five dollars a day. But I insisted upon the seven-fifty and it wasn't long before she was getting twice that and then some!"

"AND then some!" we echoed sententiously, but our host's hand promptly cut us short.

"Oh, we got very little," he corrected, "for I made the hideous mistake of signing a bad contract—bad, that was, for us financially."

"However," he added, with a fond glance at the mite on our knee who was earnestly listening, "that's all past now. And we're going to do big things in the future, aren't we, Molasses?"

"Yes, Daddy," eagerly nodded our silent, big-eyed little listener, and we could have hugged her to death.

Mrs. Montgomery, who is so good-looking that one wonders how she ever escaped the movies until one hears Mr. Montgomery's views on the subject, told us, in response to a question, how it felt to be the mother of an infant screen star.

"I'm not quite used to it yet," she remarked with a laugh.

"We dare say you watch her carefully," we suggested, tightening our grasp on our small burden's tiny waist.

Both father and mother laughed together.

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Girl who was never safe

All women want beauty and seek it, as the moth the flame, but the beauty of Grace Harper was such as to place her in constant peril from the attentions of men. In this fascinating instalment of her tempestuous career you will learn of the difficulties she encountered in trying "to stand alone" in a world of men.

By John R. Coryell

What has gone before:

Society had gathered for sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most beautiful resorts in California. Just before the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, in which only men are entered, beautiful, athletic Grace Harper, poorly dressed, asks to be allowed to run in the race. She wins, and receives a ten dollar gold piece, then rushes home to tell her parents and to take the money to the man who holds the mortgage on her father's home. On the lonely road she meets a stranger. He stops her and demands a kiss. Grace discovers it is young Don Morton, notorious for his escapades. She strikes him with her whip and rides away. On her way back she is captured by Don Morton's men and brought to a lonely house. She succeeds in locking Morton in a room and escapes from him. However, on her ride home she is again pursued.

SHE raised her rifle and fired. The leading horse plunged and fell, throwing its rider senseless. Grace, as cooly as if she were shooting at a target, though her heart was beating furiously, ejected the exploded cartridge and fired again. The second horse fell with its rider. The other two stopped at once, not caring to risk the fire of so accurate a riflewoman.

Grace made ready again, and then rode slowly down the hill, coming within easy speaking distance of the two ruffians, who glared alternately at her and at their two companions, lying motionless on the earth.

"If you make one movement toward me, I will shoot *you* this time, and *shoot to kill!*" she hailed fiercely.

"What did you do to young Don?" one of the men demanded.

"Left him in my place. Remember what I say. If you follow, I will shoot to kill."

"I don't want you," answered the man, with an oath; "I'll leave you to Don. He'll take care of you."

"He can't take care of himself," she said scornfully, and rode away.

"We'll have you arrested for horse stealing," one of Don Morton's men cried after her.

"I'll send the stallion back when I'm done with him," she replied over her shoulder, and rode rapidly away, with only an occasional glance backward in order to make sure that she was not being followed.

SHE had no more trouble from the men, however, and reached the outskirts of the ranch in safety. She would have liked to ride the powerful stallion all the way home, but dared not, because she had made up her mind that she would not let either her father or Will know what had happened to her.

"They would kill the wretch," she said to herself, "and what would be the use? He is too contemptible to bother with."

She dismounted from the stallion, removed the saddle and bridle, which she placed together on a rock by the roadside, and then, with a sharp stroke of her whip, sent the freed animal galloping back toward his home.

Her own mare, not having had any weight to carry, was reasonably fresh, and carried her along at a smooth amble. The girl no longer had any fears of the men of the Morton ranch, but continued to carry her gun in readiness until she came in sight of the Belden house, when she let down the hammer and slung the rifle at her back.

Mrs. Harper looked with delight on the lithe, well-rounded body of her daughter, and exclaimed involuntarily: "You certainly ought to get the prize!"

She was conscious of a very strong feeling of pleasure in the thought of seeing Will. When he came toward her in the manner of one who had been watching and waiting, there was a distinct lift at her heart, and she greeted him with such warmth as surprised him.

The fact was that if Will had only been a little more of an egotist, and a little less anxious to do nothing to annoy Grace, he might have had her at that moment for the asking, so rejoiced was she to see his honest, manly face, and so greatly did he shine in contrast with the scoundrel with whom she had just had dealings.

"You've been waiting to see me go by, Will?"

"Yes, Grace. May I ride a little way home with you?"

"Do. I'd like you to."

He did not leave her until they were at her own house, when he said good-bye quickly and rode homeward again. He went away so hurriedly because he felt the words of love rushing to his lips; and perhaps then it would have been too late; for by that time Grace had recovered her poise.

Having made up her mind to say nothing to her father about what had happened, Grace maintained a perfect silence concerning it. Yet she could not help being uneasy about the mortgage, and asked her father one day what would happen if old Don Morton should insist on having principal as well as the interest paid when the latter fell due.

"I'd have to pay—if I could."

"And you couldn't?"

"I don't see how I could."

"The—the place—?" she queried.

"Would be sold under the hammer and he would probably take it."

"WE SHALL have to raise that money somehow, father. I have a feeling that he will demand it when it comes due again."

"Oh, no, my dear! Why should he? He doesn't want the ranch. If it adjoined his, he might. He didn't say anything to make you think so, did he?"

"No—o," answered Grace, hesitatingly. "No—o, he didn't say anything, but young Don did. The fact is, father, young Don tried to kiss me and I cut him over the face with my whip. He threatened revenge—that's all!"

"The young scoundrel!" her father cried, hoarsely. "Why did you not tell me at the time? I would have taught him a lesson he'd never have forgotten."

"That was what I was afraid of, father. And there was no need of it. I took the best of care of myself; but you see that we must be prepared. I have been waiting for some word to come from them, until I suddenly thought that it would be just like them to wait and give you the least possible time."

"Yes, that would be their way if they were trying to ruin me."

"Father," Grace said, in an abrupt way, "I'm going to ask you a strange question."

"Yes, dear."

"Am I what you would call a beautiful girl?"

Her father started in surprise, and looked earnestly at her flushed face; then nodded his head slowly:

"A very beautiful girl, Grace, taking form and face together. Very beautiful. Why?"

"Well, young Don said so that day, and Will Belden told me so. I had never thought of it."

"Will Belden?"

"Yes, father."

"Had he never told you so before?" asked her father, an amused smile playing about his unusually serious mouth.

"Never. And he told me then only because he was asking me to marry him."

"And you said you would. I know no finer young man than Will."

"I said I would not, father. I told him I had made up my mind to pay off that mortgage. Anyhow, I don't want to marry."

"NEVER mind about the mortgage, Grace, dear; but if you don't feel ready to marry, don't. Will is a splendid fellow, though, and if I were choosing for you, I should think first of him."

"I don't want to marry, father, but I like Will better than anybody I have ever seen. I haven't seen many men except the ones who were boys at school and those sissies at the hotels. But what I was going to say was that when I told Will I wanted to pay off the mortgage, he said he would pay it gladly. So, if you say so, father——"

"Never! That would be selling yourself, Grace; and of all hideous things, that would be the worst. No, we shall manage it. I shall think of nothing else from now on."

On the evening of that same day, as she was reading a magazine, the suggestion came to her. She started up and went out into the moonlight, pacing up and down in her excitement.

"Father says I'm beautiful; Will said so. They might be mistaken, but Don Morton—scoundrel that he is—ought to know. If only I could turn my looks into money! Yes—there is my chance. I will take it!"

CHAPTER VI

Am I Beautiful?

Three weeks passed before Grace spoke to her father again on the subject of her beauty. It was on a Sunday morning, and she had just returned from the distant post-office with the mail.

She gave her father his mail, and waited patiently until he had read it, meanwhile studying some printed matter which she held in her hands as she sat waiting.

"Are you through, father?" she asked, when she saw him lay aside the last letter.

"Yes, my dear."

"And can you give me a little time? I want to talk to you about something important."

"You look serious enough to have the weight of the nation on your mind," he said, laughingly. "Well, what is it?"

"Perhaps you'd like to have me leave you alone with your father," said Mrs. Harper, her mind running on a possible love affair.

It may be said that Mrs. Harper had, during the three weeks just past, been moved to wonder more than once by discovering Grace studying herself in the various mirrors in the house. Once she came upon her standing quite nude in front of the largest mirror, trying with all her might to obtain a sight of her whole person.

It was so unlike Grace to give any consideration to her personal appearance that Mrs. Harper was extremely uneasy at seeing her exhibit so much vanity; and if she refrained from speaking to Grace about it, she could not keep from mentioning it to Mr. Harper.

He, however, laughed at the notion of Grace becoming vain, so Mrs. Harper watched Grace with a puzzled frown, wondering what it could be, if not vanity, that made her glance into a mirror every time she passed one. On the Sunday in question, however, the truth came out.

"I'd rather you'd stay," she said, "because you may be able to help me. You see," Grace went on, locking gravely from one to the other of her parents, "I want to know whether or not I am beautiful."

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Harper, looking I-told-you-sos at her husband.

"Now what in the world," cried Mr. Harper, some scorn and some distress in his expression, "can have sent you thinking about such a foolish matter as that? I should have supposed you were above vanity, Grace."

"Vanity!" repeated Grace, with uplifted eyebrows, "I never thought of that. Oh, I don't think I'm vain, father. As for its being a foolish matter, I don't quite agree with you. After all, you know, beauty is the finest and completest expression of utility."

"Book-stuff!" said Mr. Harper, with a short laugh of amusement.

"No, not book-stuff, but just plain common sense. If you make a plow that will do its work better than any other plow that was ever made, you may be sure it will be the most beautiful plow ever seen."

"I am ready to agree with that so far as plows are concerned," her father replied, still smiling.

"Well, I don't see what plows have to do with Grace's newborn vanity," said Mrs. Harper.

"Don't call it vanity, mother, for it's the result of a desire for dollars and cents as you will see presently; but before we come to that I want to convince father that I am right in regarding utility as the ultimate test of beauy."

"Father!" said Grace in an abrupt way. "Am I what you would call a beautiful girl?"

"I'M convinced," he laughed. "You are the best and most useful girl I ever knew anything about; therefore, you are the most beautiful."

"You can't laugh me out of this in that way," she insisted, seriously. "What I am getting at is this: beauty is a good thing to have, because it is an indication of one's fitness for life. Everybody ought to be beautiful; and I assure you that if I am not beautiful, I am going to try to make myself so."

"Well," said her mother, in that tone of repressed exasperation so natural in one who feels herself swirling around on the outer edge of comprehension, "I don't see how you can talk of making yourself beautiful. If you are not born so you might as well give up thinking about it."

"I don't agree with you, mother. What do you think, father? Am I beautiful? Of course, I want a truthful answer. There isn't any vanity in this, but just a plain question of money. Look at me carefully, and say whether I am beautiful or not." She stood up and gravely turned around. "Of course, Will says that I am, but——"

"You don't mean to say that you asked him such a question?" cried her mother, in dismay.

"No, I didn't think of doing so; he told me that I was beautiful when he asked me to marry him."

"Asked you? And you are going to——"

"No, mother, I haven't time to marry anybody. What do you say, father? Am I beautiful?"

"Well," replied Mr. Harper, undecided whether to laugh or not, "you have a good nose and certainly fine eyes. Your mouth is a little large, maybe. but well——"

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of beauty," interposed Grace, scornfully, "but beauty of body."

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "Yes, I fancy you have a very good body. But, for mercy's sake, do tell me what you mean by all this talk of beauty and money. If I know what your questions are based on, I can answer more intelligently. As it is, I find myself becoming more and more myst fied."

"Yes, of course," said Grace. "How foolish of me! Well, it's this: I have been thinking and dreaming of nothing else but how to pay off that mortgage. I am just as sure as I can be of anything that when it comes due again, you will have not only the interest but the principal to pay."

"But——"

"Yes, I know, there doesn't seem to be any connection between my beauty and the mortgage; but want. If you had a thousand dollars you could get along all right, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I could easily borrow the remainder from the savings bank. But——"

"Never mind the buts until I am through. Do you remember my asking you, about three weeks ago, if you thought me beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had never thought of such a thing before, and was really very much surprised at Will when he told me I was so; and angry enough with Don Morton when he had the impudence to say it also. I had always wanted to be as much like a man as possible, so as to be of use to you just as if I had been a son, don't you see?"

"Very silly of you, Grace," said Mrs. Harper.

"So it was, mother, but I didn't know it then. Now I know that it is possible to be as useful as a boy while being perfectly beautiful as a girl, because the really beautiful woman is not of the namby-pamby, useless, over-dressed type. The question is whether I am beautiful at the same time that I am useful."

"You are wandering again, Grace," said her father.

"So I am, but this is a new idea to me, and a very interesting one. Now I'll explain it happened that night that I got hold of a magazine in which there was an offer of a price of one thousand dollars to the most beautiful girl."

"My dear Grace!" cried her mother, in a shocked tone.

"Yes, I knew it would give you a turn, mother. But wait until I am through. Keep your thoughts on that mortgage, on the possibility of our being turned out of house and home if we don't get the money, and then think of that thousand-dollar prize."

"Go on, Grace," said her father, quietly.

"Well, I would never have given the matter a second thought, only, to tell the truth, Don Morton and his father had seemed to look less at my face than at my body, so that I was quite sure that when they said I was beautiful, they meant I had a beautiful form."

"Brutes!" muttered her father, while his rugged face set itself in hard lines of bitter determination.

"Pshaw! Don't mind them," Grace said, contemptuously; "think of the thousand dollars and

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If YOU CAN'T BE A SCREEN STAR~ Don't get Discouraged

Joan Blackmore, of the *Richard Walton Tully* productions, holds the important position of "continuity clerk."

I hope when I grow up I'll still be a screen star. It's lots of fun.
BABY PEGGY.

There are still seventeen *other ways* to get in the *movies*—Here are a *few* of them.

By Ruth Mabrey

DO you want to get into the movies? Of course you do. That is, unless you're the one out of ten unusual person who has no screen ambitions. The other nine out of the ten are simply pining away to see themselves on the screen.

Of course we can't all be movie stars, but cheer up! Don't lose hope! Even if you haven't a screen face or don't know enough about acting to recite "Gungha Din"—don't give up. There are other ways of getting in the movies—exactly seventeen of them! For girls, that is—girls are presumably more screen struck than boys, because of the natural feminine desire for adulation.

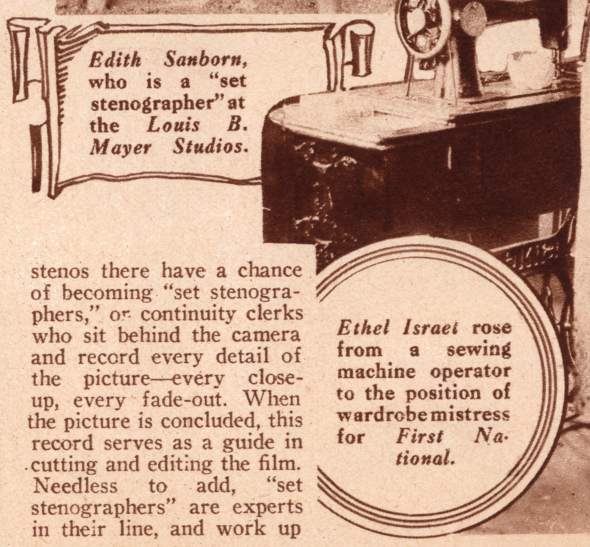
Suppose that the films have an irresistible lure for you. But you're not beautiful enough to become a screen celebrity and not funny enough to be a comedienne! Even so, perhaps all is not lost. Perhaps you could turn to advantage that wonderful knack you have of making a scrap of material look like a million dollar gown. Maybe the studios could use you as a seamstress.

Or possibly, your talent is merely the commonplace one of being a whiz with your shorthand. Or is that commonplace? Good stenographers, it seems, are hard to find! And they are certainly in demand by big film companies, and the graduate stenos there have a chance of becoming "set stenographers," or continuity clerks who sit behind the camera and record every detail of the picture—every close-up, every fade-out. When the picture is concluded, this record serves as a guide in cutting and editing the film. Needless to add, "set stenographers" are experts in their line, and work up to such work from lowly stenographic jobs elsewhere in the studio. They are chosen because of their speed and accuracy ,as well as their familiarity with film production methods. And their salaries are proportionatley high. Edith Sanborn at the Louis B. Mayer studio is a shining example of a stenographer who has worked up into a big job of this kind, as is Joan Blackmore of the Richard Walton Tully productions.

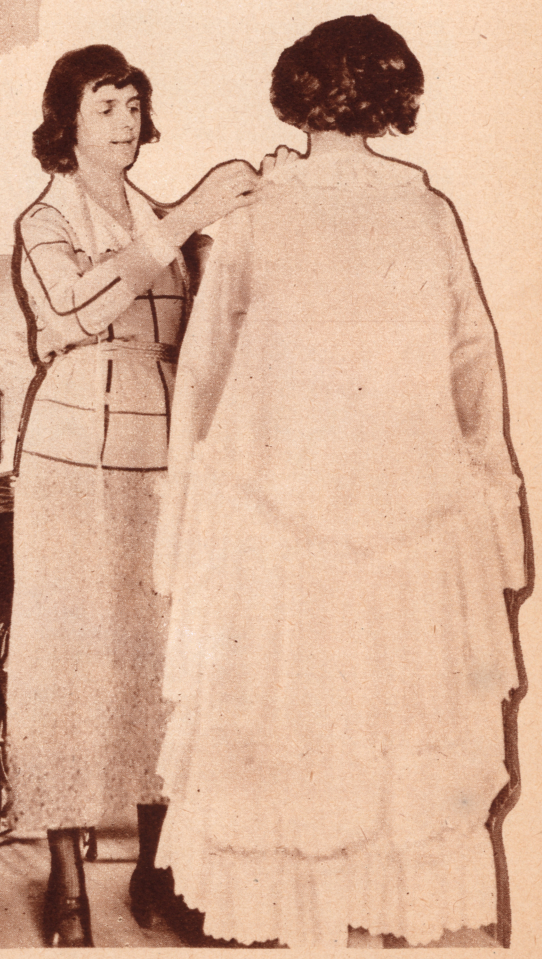
And Franceline MacConnell of the Paramount forces is another brilliant young woman who began her movie career as a stenographer. Because of her ability, she became secretary to the head of a department, until her contact with studio-story methods enabled her to write short stories. Her talent as a short story writer attracted the attention of Paramount officials and she was put to work in the reading department where her judgment in selecting scenarios is allowed opportunity to display itself.

Of course there are innumerable outlets for the talents of a needle-

(*Continued on page 25*)



Edith Sanborn, who is a "set stenographer" at the *Louis B. Mayer Studios.*



Ethel Israel rose from a sewing machine operator to the position of wardrobe mistress for *First National.*

"When I grow up I want to be a Lady with Long Hair," says BABY PEGGY

'My Daddy says he doesn't know whether I'm his good bad little girl or his bad good little girl."—BABY PEGGY.

***Baby Peggy*, tiny screen star, who has twinkled her way into millions of hearts.**

Infant screen star reveals *life-long ambition* upon reaching maturity—Young ladies with *shorn locks* please take notice.

By Alma M. Talley

SHE sat on the edge of her chair in the editorial office of Movie Weekly, a cuddly bundle of babyhood. Or rather, she sat, when she wasn't hopping up and down the room; she never walks, it seems, she skips. She looked all fresh and crisp in a dark blue taffeta dress with a little white collar and cuffs—most appropriate for a day in the office.

"Oh, look," she said gleefully, as she spied a pile of pictures on the editor's desk. I showed them to her.

"Oh, the pretty lady," she commented, at sight of Corinne Griffith's picture. You'd think that playing in pictures as she does would long since have worn out her interest in photographs!

"What pretty lady do you like best on the screen?" I asked her.

"Enid Bennett," she said, without even stopping to think. I looked inquiringly at her mother, who sat nearby. Such an emphatic preference seemed to need some explanation.

"Enid Bennett used to live next door to us," Mrs. Montgomery explained.

"And what screen actor do you like best?" I pursued. Baby Peggy is very quiet and well-bred, and seems only to speak when she is spoken to.

"Douglas Fairbanks," was her immediate answer.

"Don't you like Jackie Coogan?" I said. Jackie, I remembered, had told me he liked Baby Peggy—"only she is so young!"

"Oh, yes, I like Jackie. He acts much better than I do."

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?" I felt inspired to say. That's always question number three when one is talking to a child. "An actress?"

"Don't know; I guess so. I'm going to be a lady with long hair."

"Like Enid Bennett," I suggested.

"My sister Louise and I play we're grown up," she volunteered. Her sister Louise, by the way, is two years older and resembles Peggy. But Louise has no screen ambitions. She is interested in music.

"This is for Louise," said Peggy, suddenly, "and this is for me."

"This" was a piece of tinfoil which Peggy was carefully tearing in exact halves. Each piece was about an inch square and looked entirely useless to a grown-up mind.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked curiously.

"Play with it."

"Play with it?" I persisted, trying to fit a piece of tinfoil into the scheme of things one plays with.

"Yes, play with it," said she so decisively that the subject seemed ended.

"What do you like to do most, when you play?" I asked her.

"Swim," was her prompt answer. Obviously Peggy has been interviewed so often and asked what she likes, that her answers are always on the tip of her tongue. "My daddy is showing me how to swim, but I can't yet. But I like to swim," she added. "And I like to see shows—picture shows."

Her alert eyes were observing everything in the office. Suddenly she dashed to her mother's side and whispered to her.

"Not now, dear. Some other time," said Mrs. Montgomery. "Go back and sit down until the lady gets through talking to you."

"I won't keep you but a minute longer," I assured the youngster, guessing that she was impatient to go home.

"It isn't that," her mother said, "she wants to write on the typewriter. Every time she sees one, she wants to write on it."

And it was an eager child who dashed to the typewriter as soon as I assured her that it was all right with me.

"What can you write?" I inquired.

"I can write my name," said Peggy, with one pudgy forefinger darting about over the keys in search for "p." By mistake she hit "c" first, and then, finding "p," she hit that—twice.

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Way Men Love"

Elliott Dexter demonstrates the power of mind in *"The Way Men Love,"* when he cures the crippled child entirely through mental healing.

"I'd rather go to the movies than do anything else—even eat ice-cream."
BABY PEGGY.

Corinne Griffith is as exquisitely beautiful as usual in the role of the artist's model in *"The Common Law."*

Elliott Dexter appears in new picture of mental healing—_"The Common Law,"_ _"April Showers"_ and _"The Temple of Venus"_ among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Mary Jane Warren

"THE WAY MEN LOVE"

Not a sex story

A Grand-Asher Production, with a cast composed of Elliott Dexter, Mildred Harris, Anders Randolf, Grace Carlysle, De Witt C. Jennings, Sydney Bracey and Jeanne Carpenter.

We will probably become a public nuisance if we continue to wail about the misleading titles tacked on to the majority of the current pictures. However, we contend that it is certainly not fair to lure a certain class of people into the theatre by means of a title that sounds appealing to that particular class, only to have the picture turn out so differently as to be a sad disappointment. The same applies to the folks who stay away from a film because of its lurid title, believing it to be trash, when the thing is really worth while.

Take, for instance, "The Way Men Love." Sounds like a conglomeration of sex stuff, and if you are the sort of fan who likes that type of picture, you would rush to see it. And what a disappointment it would be to you! For it deals not with lustful love, as the title subtly suggests, but with the beautiful love of a wondrously good man for all humanity.

He is known as "the Prince," and establishes a mission, where all who are sick of body or soul may come to be comforted and guided along the peaceful straight and narrow path. Following the modern trend of thought, it is a picture portraying the mysterious power of a good man's mind. The Prince sends his thought waves out across the miles, calling the sick child's father to her bedside, and succeeds in bringing him to the child. He gives good for evil, even to the extent of curing the crippled child by the power of mind, regardless of the fact that the child's father was the man who had done him great harm. It is a Biblical lesson in picture form, with more than a hint of Christian Science in it. There are many discrepancies in the telling of the story, but we think you will probably overlook these and enjoy the picture.

We are glad to see Elliott Dexter come into his own again as the "Prince." His is a splendid portrayal, one easy and enjoyable to watch. Mildred Harris plays opposite Mr. Dexter. She is pretty, but for a role of this sort we know a dozen actresses offhand who could have been much more convincing. It is a role that requires more than mere prettiness.

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"THE COMMON LAW"

Concerning Artists and their Beautiful Models

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Elliott Dexter, Hobart Bosworth, Bryant Washburn, Doris May, Harry Myers, Miss Dupont, Phyllis Haver, Wally Van and Dagmar Godowsky. A Selznick Picture.

Robert W. Chambers is a widely read author. There is no doubt that thousands upon thousands literally "eat up" the rather superficial dramas of life and love as set down by his prolific pen. Naturally, the Chambers' brand of photoplay will have an equal amount of followers — which fact portends success for "The Common Law." If you like Robert W. Chambers in book form, you will view this, the screen version of one of his most successful novels, with keen enjoyment.

Wealthy artists, living in luxury, and painting solely for art's sake, are not strangers to the movie fan. And when these same artists, members of the "four hundred," become madly infatuated with their beautiful, but poor and unknown models — well, we are acquainted with the result. Proud Ma and Pa, backed up by the debutante sister, are going to strongly oppose the match. We also know that true love always triumphs (on the screen), and we utter not an exclamation of surprise when the beautiful unknown one is gathered into the fold of the exclusive snobs. All of which means that "The Common Law" will not startle you with its originality. But if you are a Chambers' fan, then it will be a delightful breath of luxury and life as it is not lived.

Conway Tearle, he of the rather fascinating frown, has a hint of the snobbishness in his manner, so that it is not difficult for him to be convincing in the role of the wealthy artist, Louis Neville. And in "The Common Law" Louis Neville is an epicurean as well as an artist, living

makes Bad Folks Good

in a studio that is the last word in gorgeous, glorious luxury. The locale, if we remember correctly, was supposed to be New York.

When we think of the premium on every square foot of real estate in this big town, we know that Louis Neville would have to be possessed of a generous share of the filthy (so they say), lucre to afford so much "space."

Corinne Griffith, the beautiful, is the persecuted heroine of "The Common Law." Not very long ago we commended Miss Griffith for her histrionic ability, as well as her beauty, but this did not strike us so forcibly in viewing this picture.

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"THE TEMPLE OF VENUS"

Disclosing the Human Form Divine

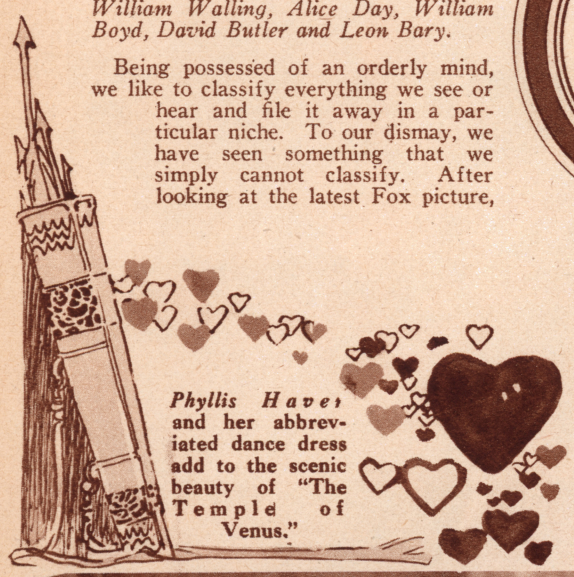
A Fox Production, presented at the Central Theatre, New York, with a large cast headed by Phyllis Haver, Mary Philbin, William Walling, Alice Day, William Boyd, David Butler and Leon Bary.

Being possessed of an orderly mind, we like to classify everything we see or hear and file it away in a particular niche. To our dismay, we have seen something that we simply cannot classify. After looking at the latest Fox picture, "A Temple of Venus," for one hour and a half, the idea (if any) back of the whole thing, still eludes us. We have finally decided to take it all as a joke and conclude that Mr. Fox has started a most intriguing guessing game so that everybody coming out of the theatre will be muttering in despair, "What is it?"

First we see the mythical Temple of Venus, with a very husky Venus reclining on her throne while a hundred or more nymphs dance around her. Right at her feet sits a nice looking, little fat boy, who was dubbed Cupid. Venus tells Cupid to go out into the world and see if romance and love still exist. He comes upon a cottage where lives a beautiful young maiden, loved alike by the upright village lad and the wealthy city chap.

There is the whole story in a nut-shell. At least that is all of the story we could gather from the thousand and one "shots" of beautiful skies, gorgeous landscapes, dancing sea nymphs and land nymphs. The action jumps from one scene to another without rhyme or reason. Every now and then, the dancers danced their "Good night to the Sun." At about the fifth dance, we had the most awful desire to shout "Good night!" and flee, but we were in duty bound to stick to the finish. Which is a lot to ask of any human being.

We could burst into tears when we think what this riotous spasm of beauty cost. We hear of studios closing because of the high cost of production. Small wonder! Here is a production that is the most glaring example of the extravagance and waste that is incurred in the making of pictures. We are beginning to think that every producer with a lot of money is absolutely devoid of brains or sense. We are told on the program all about the time and money spent in the making of "The Temple of Venus," and we can only cry, "Why?" The sad part of it is, to us, the fact that probably the cost of just one of those "good night dances" would feed about a thousand of the Japanese sufferers or, to be selfish, it would purchase a certain fur wrap that we've had a weary eye on for the past month. Both would be a lot more satisfactory than the whole dozen reels of "The Temple of Venus." It annoys us to even think of it, so we will stop here and now.



Phyllis Haver and her abbreviated dance dress add to the scenic beauty of "The Temple of Venus."

The sun is shining again for *Kenneth Harlan* and *Colleen Moore* after a lover's quarrel in *"April Showers."*

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"APRIL SHOWERS"

A Bit of Irish Humor

A Preferred Picture, with a cast composed of Colleen Moore, Kenneth Harlan, Ruth Clifford, Priscilla Bonner, Myrtle Vane, Kid McCoy.

We are convinced that the lowly people of the world are the salt of the earth. So many movies tell us so. And now "April Showers" comes along to further add to our convictions. It is, at times, a merry little picture, making no attempt to be anything but a very light bit of diversion.

The story is woven around the love of Danny O'Rourke for capricious little Maggie Muldoon.

As a refreshing change, we have Kenneth Harlan, who usually spends his screen evenings in a dinner coat, playing the role of Danny O'Rourke. He fits in splendidly and for the occasion he wears an apron, washes the dishes, and combs his hair after the fashion of the tintype of Grandpa in his dashing youth. Colleen Moore is a cute and winsome Irish lass.

ROD LA ROCQUE
who is appearing in
"The Ten Commandments"

BLANCHE SWEET
who is appearing in
"Anna Christie"

The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

Success at last crowns the efforts of "Clownie" after many months of hardships

MOTHER and I rented a small apartment in one of the lovely white stucco, garden-surrounded buildings which are apartments in California. Mother would have rather liked a bungalow, but we decided that that would be expensive, hard work and foolish, since we were to be on the Coast so comparatively short a time.

The day after we arrived we began to work. "Have to keep down the overhead," our director said.

I loved working on the Coast. The sun and air, the swift possibility of running down to the sea for a dip after working, the cafe life and the excitement, still fairly novel to me, of seeing all the celebrities I had read about for so long, was thrilling.

Before we had finished the first of the two pictures, we had come out to take, the second story was chosen, and our director told me that he was going to give me the leading woman's role. An older part than I had taken before. A part that required at least twice as much dramatic ability and actual acting as I had ever attempted before. I had to run the gamut, from a small, adolescent girl in a small and adolescent town, to a woman, mature, disillusioned and ready to start again in a different way. "You have the wisest eyes in the world in the youngest face," the director said, "and I believe that you can do it .. . do it big! I am backing you in this with my own judgment and recommendation. The producers are strong for ————, who, as you know, is famous for this sort of thing. But I think she's too old. I think the Public are fed up on her in this type of stuff. It's not a particularly new story and it ought to have a new face. If you make good . . ." He looked at me.

"Well?" I said, a little breathlessly, I admit.

"The Public will make you a star," he said briefly. He added, "Just as they made a certain famous man a star once for doing one bit in one picture. It's the Public that can do it."

Mother and I were tremendously excited. For the first time, they gave me the script to study and read. I certainly studied it and read it. I became that girl and lived her life from beginning to end every twenty-four hours. Every mood of which she could be capable I devised for her. It was the first time that I consciously took certain episodes in my own past life and utilized them for my work. That dreaming, awakening girl . . . she was I . . . back in my room one summer night, when I danced and pirouetted before my mirror. That girl in love, with all the dreams of all the stars in her young eyes, she was I, too, back in the days when I walked in Arcady with Clemence. The sad-eyed woman bending over a tiny baby with doubled fists . . . 'way back, I, too, had seen a little baby die, and had been puny and helpless and frightened before the grim Inevitable. The old memories crowded, at my summoning, into my mobile face. Even mother caught her breath and wiped her eyes when she watched me rehearsing some of my scenes.

Miss ————, who had been the star of the last picture, and who was making her next with the famous director of gossamer dramas, told me that now that I was to be so featured a player, I should have a maid.

All she said was: "Good morning, Madame. Shall I draw your bath?"

"THE more swank you put on in this game," she said, "the more they fall for you. They may tell you that they don't, and won't, but if you'll keep your eyes open you will observe that the ones who holler and yell for this, that and the other thing, who throw fits of temperament and go about followed by a retinue, are the ones who get the most adulation and other things from the directors, et al."

I advertised for a maid, and left the interviewing and selecting to mother.

When I came home one evening, mother told me that she had found "just the one."

"She seems perfectly experienced," mother said, "and very willing and respectful. And what is more, she will work for less money than any of the others I have interviewed in the past three days. She says that she can give splendid references from the East, and she mentioned that she had worked for Miss ———— and Mme. ————."

"They are no references!" I laughed.

"Well," mother said in her simple, direct way, "they are in one way. It will mean that this maid knows her business. And that's something. You couldn't really train her, you know, darling."

"When does she stage her appearance?" I asked, going to my small cellarette, a gift from the leading man in our last picture, and proceeding to mix myself my evening "aperitif."

"Tomorrow morning," mother said. "Oh, dear, I wish you wouldn't have those things so often, honey!"

"Need 'em," I murmured sleepily. "I've had a hard day. Have to keep the old pep up, you know."

I was really more tired than my age. Much more tired.

In the morning the new maid staged her appearance. *She was Celeste!*

She had warned me that I would hear from her again.

IT WAS like waking up from a bad dream; a nightmare, to find that the most horrible figment of the sleeping imagination was somehow true.

Celeste! In a shaking instant there passed before my mind's eye the vision of Mrs. Y——— in her overly scented room, her bared arm, stabbed minutely and hideously, Celeste bending over her, those black days and nights. . . . Celeste! I might have known that the past warm, colorful months would come to some such pass. What did she want of me? What was she going to do to me? Why was she here?

I waited for her to speak, but all she said was, "Good morning, Madame. Shall I draw your bath?" Not a sign of recognition on her face!

It was evident that Celeste was going to be, for the time, at least, the trained and perfect servitor, impersonal and without knowledge. Very well, I would meet her on her own ground. I murmured with appropriate drowsiness, "Make it lukewarm, please, and some salts . . .

"Certainement, Madame," and she vanished, an attenuated shadow, into the recesses of the bath.

I considered this new development. Of course, I could flout the devil by telling mother that I didn't like Celeste and that I would rather find someone else, but I didn't quite care to do that. Celeste had appeared, like a well-staged melodrama, just at the crucial moment. Here I stood, on the threshold of stardom, at the very rainbow's end, and I dared not invite, now, a sudden dis-

aster. Hollywood couldn't stand another lurid scandal. I wasn't the type upon whose head that sort of publicity would fit with any grace. Most of my fan letters to date had been from young girls telling me that they wanted to be just like me, wanted to stand for the sort of thing I stood for. Or from very young men writing me as they might write to some Ideal Girl, a creature of a dream. And some of them were from mothers of young girls and boys, telling me that I was the sort of an influence they liked their girls and boys to see. The story of my residence in the home of Mr. Y——— would oust me without peradventure into the oblivion I had come from. I had to placate Celeste and trust to whatever gods there be that she would disappear in due course of time. Perhaps it was money she wanted. Well, that would be the least price for me to pay.

We started production the next day.

For six weeks we worked day and night, night and day. The overhead was tremendous and it was up to the director and his cast to use every available moment and every available ounce of vitality to get through as rapidly as possible. Five out of six nights I wouldn't get home until one in the morning, drop into bed for a few exhausted hours and be on the set again at nine in the morning. Location scenes were taken on the desert and the trip was the most strenuous I have ever known. Celeste went with me, and it was due to her indefatigable care and help that I came through as easily as I did. I began to lose my fear of Celeste. She was unfailingly solicitous and kind. She never made an allusion by word, deed or glance to the fact that we had ever met before, or that she had any knowledge of me before the morning she had come into my bedroom. Mother thought her perfect. She seemed, in fact, to live simply to stand between me and unnecessary exertion or bother. I became actually dependent upon her. She rubbed my head, brushed my hair, brought me cooling drinks or warm drinks, as the occasion demanded, and was always respectful and in the background. I began to think that it was I and not life that had been melodramatic.

THAT picture did for me what the director had covertly predicted. The day after it was released, the cinema press hailed me as a new star. The magazines and papers burst forth into a veritable orgy of pictures and print, all about me. I was interviewed by everyone in California who had ever wielded a pen, and within two weeks I had had four offers from other representative companies. Within the same two weeks, after much wiring back and forth between New York and California, and several night telephone conversations, I had signed a five-year contract with the company I was with, one of the very best, at a salary I would not have dared to imagine two years before.

We made the next picture in the East, with a trip to Florida in between, for the locations. We made my third starring picture in Europe. Celeste went with me, mother, too, of course, and I had a wonderful time. We saw London and Paris and Rome, and did most of our shooting in Venice. I had private cars wherever I went, and at every station crowds awaited me to wave and shout and acclaim.

I began to feel like Mrs. God. My pose, of course, was that of a shy and grateful modesty, but I must admit that I felt neither shy nor modest within.

IT WAS on that trip that my director, the one I had had in my first picture as a star, began to make love to me. He was married, had been married for years, and up to that trip abroad had seemed to be to me simply a very wise and judicial and interested friend. When we were in Paris, he told me that he had been in love with me all along. He tried to intimate that it was his interest in me that had made me a star. Of course, I knew that was not so. He had selected me for the part and in that way had given me my real skyrocketing start, but, after all, he would have had to select *someone*, and if I had not made good in the picture, if the Public had not acclaimed me and the critics and the press agreed with the Public to the extent of substantiating the wave of popularity, nothing he could have done or undone would have been of much help.

He told me that if I could return his love, there were no heights I could not scale. He told me that I could out-rival and outdo any one of the most brilliant and popular stars of the day. He said all of the things that a man would say in such a circumstance. And, as a matter of fact rather than fiction, he did attract

I cried out, "Oh, for heaven's sake, cut the georgette crepe. Lets have some jazz!"

I suppose it was something of the same type of attraction that women often feel for physicians who have pulled them through dangerous illnesses. Some sort of a psychological reaction sets in and they believe they are in love with the doctors. I had something of that feeling for Mr. ————. Part gratitude, and part, I admit it, now, physical attraction. I had been working pretty steadily. I had had very little excitement, very little real playing. No man had made love to me, save on the set, for the whole time I had been on the screen. I felt emotionally starved. It would be nice to be made love to again. Nice to have adulation of a personal nature. I knew that it was "being done." Also, I felt a little bit flattered, even I! Here was this man, reputed as "great" in his line, this man who could have had almost any girl he stretched forth his hand to, and he turned to me, subjected, suppliant, impassioned.

I don't know why I refused him. I don't know just what thing it was in me that resisted him. I felt, I remember, that if I did become his mistress, such reserves as I had built about myself would crumble and be gone. After him, the deluge! I tried to argue, "Well, what of it?" But the argument didn't go. I couldn't forget the character woman back in the New York studio. I couldn't put away from me little things I would see as I walked about the streets of the various cities. Young mothers with their baby perambulators. Young mothers and fathers walking happily together. The lighted windows in homes, with families grouped about a library table, reading in communion and harmony. I began to feel lonely and apart. And Clemence came back to me in retrospect. Clemence and what he had stood for. Clemence and what I had given him up for. This. This celebrity, this notoriety. This feverish traveling from place to place. This living in silken rooms and wearing silken gowns. This man, asking me to be his mistress, never dreaming of sacrificing himself, his own life, his own family . . .

It was after I refused his offer that he began to change. He began to act differently. Once, I saw Celeste coming out of his room in the middle of the night when we were stopping over in Paris before returning to America. I asked her what on earth she was doing in there and she told me that Mr. ———— had a violent headache and had asked her to get him "something."

On the trip home we had planned to go over the script of the story we were to do on the Coast immediately upon our return. But Mr. ———— spent most of his time in his room.

Young ———— was my leading man in that picture and on the return trip I saw a great deal of him. On the way over and while we were traveling on the Continent, I hadn't had time to be very much with him, because I had spent every spare moment with Mr. ————, but on the way home we sat out every evening on the deck and there he told me that he thought Mr. ———— was becoming addicted to the use of drugs. He also told me that he suspected where he was getting them, but didn't know whether he should tell me or not. When I insisted, he informed me that he very much suspected my maid of getting the "stuff" for him.

"What! Celeste?" I said, in feigned surprise.

"Yes, Celeste," he repeated. "I hate to know that she is with you all the time. I don't think the girl's straight."

I laughed at that. "If she isn't," I said, "I've never seen any signs to the contrary."

YOUNG ———— shook his head a little and changed the subject, but he had succeeded in again implanting in me a distrust of Celeste. I couldn't help remembering that mental picture of her coming out of Mr. ————'s room in the middle of the night. Nor the expert way in which she had handled Mrs. Y———'s arm. Nor her mysterious appearance in my life again in answer to my ad. But I dismissed these coincidences as purely coincidences and tried to let it go at that.

Young ———— told me a lot about himself on that home voyage. He told me that he was in love with a girl in his home town, but that she wouldn't marry him because he was "an actor." He said that he couldn't blame her for that; that he wouldn't marry a girl on the stage or screen himself. When I asked him why, he said, "Because the life does something to you one way or another." Either you became an unbearable poseur, giddy and drunk with the sensationalism of your success, or you hit the primrose trail and were unqualified for home life and all that it stood for. Then there were the more fundamental things. "Silly," some people would call them. Such things as jealousy, for instance. Feeling jealous when your husband took a desperate love

(*Continued on page 24*)

Baby PEGGY has Weakness for Lollypops says De Sola

Character expert examines face of *infant screen star* and finds strong evidence of *maternal instinct*—in the matter of dolls

By Vincent de Sola

"It is a remarkable little head, says *De Sola* of Baby Peggy's portrait. The eyes are older than the child.

Baby Peggy

CHARACTER READING: *An excellently balanced little head, with signs of future wisdom, self-assurance, and directness. There are traces of a definite idealism, warm affection, some sentiment, and practicality.*

ONCE before I have essayed to read a child's face—Jackie Coogan's—and now I have Baby Peggy Montgomery alloted to me for careful and critical analysis. All this solemn pondering, this meticulous weighing of shaded adjectives, does, perhaps, seem a trifle pompous in conjunction with a sheerly juvenile face; and at the outset I am constrained to make apology and explanation.

The apology must be that a youthful face is only the ground-work for its mature settling into features and contours, and that though innumerable latent traits may be discerned, only chance can tell which will be accented, which completely repressed, by futurity. As for explanation, there is enough of present character marked even in a child's head to make a physiognomical examination not completely pretentious.

And how to write of such a charming young person? Surely not with grave words and solemn dissertation! Miss Peggy Montgomery deserves, I feel, a style lighter than mine, more delicate and gallant, wearing a note of homage and not forgetting a cap of laughter.

It is a remarkable little head. The eyes are older than the child, and they do not lack penetration. I think they are not bad judges of character in their fashion. I fear, however, that they show some traces of susceptibility to bribery. A villain, properly armed with lollypops, might here have his way.

They are maternal, too. I am sure that Miss Montgomery is quite able to emulate Miss La Marr's fetish for adoption—at least in the analogy of dolls. That maternal instinct, I think, with some of its wiseness and tolerance, some of its simple devotion to an instinctive code of sacrifice and protection, is not merely a latent trait on the hands of the future, but one that will possibly dominate in years to come.

Of course there is mirth here, a keen feeling for comedy! It is not unaccompanied by curiosity, I regret to state; and the traits of observation and attention enable its owner to discover much in a manner that the late Sherlock Holmes might equal but not surpass.

The brows are practical. They show, in conjunction with the eyes, some rather striking tendency towards quick spurts of temper, but this, perhaps, is merely the fire of the artist. Certainly she is generous, forgiving, and capable of profound remorse for her sudden little flares, which do but offset her lively humor.

SHE is optimistic. As yet, certainly, she feels that this is the best of all possible worlds. Later, I conjecture, there will be enough of emotional force in this character to cause her to taste something of the brooding depths of life, but what else would you have? The mere comedian, untouched by a sense of formless tragedy, is at best a superficial fellow. It is sadness that marks the line between the great Droll and the mediocre one. Baby Peggy has a humor too vast, too authentic, to be content with mere laughter alone.

She is ever so malleable to affection, and she has many affections. Some would declare her fickle, but not I. In this face I can readily see that much of her sweetness is but graciousness, awarded as a queen awards, and possessing only the significance of generosity. It is but for the few that she feels deeply after all.

I am afraid that there is a touch of obstinacy in the chin. When affecti is not employed to persuade her, or when, perhaps, her temperament is ruffled by those who are insensitive to the delicately-strung nature of the great artist, she may—she *may* have a faint tendency to put her foot down — if necessary, both feet down. And here, too, I discover the least little trace of pugnacity. Am I insulting a lady by insinuating the belief that she could, if provoked by anyone in the mosquito-weight class, pack a hefty wallop?

IT IS a singularly direct little head, the head of one who will probably always be fortunate enough to take the plums out of life. So many persons fail or fumble because they are not quite sure of what they want. They vacillate between contradictory philosophies and aims. Baby Peggy seems to show a very strong, a very certain feeling for the issues which actually interest her.

In due course, idealism will be developed here; already there are signs of its presence. There will be sentiment and kindliness, and enough self-assurance to carry her through to her ultimate goal.

Meanwhile she remains a star of whom no word of scandal has ever been uttered, a model actress, and a very paragon among the personalities of Hollywood. A player who has never been known to attend the gay parties that last through the night without a dull or quiet moment, until the cold gray dawn comes creeping in to chase the revelers home to bed. Her evenings are probably spent in very mild recreation until her early bed hour arrives. She is old-fashioned to the extent that she is still under the influence of her fond parents and obeys them without demurring, even when she is tucked away at an hour that is usually just the dinner hour for the merry stars of filmdom. Here, at last, we have a player who has never even once been divorced, and about whose home life no breath of sinister gossip has ever been whispered.

When the newest bit of scandal leaks out in Hollywood, there is small chance of her name being vaguely mentioned as having had part in the affair. Her life is an open book.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

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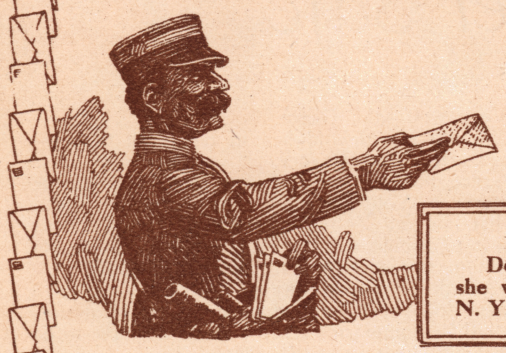

No, Charles de Roche Is Not Married!

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

JUST A FAN—So you like my answers to foolish questions? Well, this world would be a sorry place without a little foolishness now and then. Rumor says Kenneth Harlan is engaged to Marie Prevost. Mary Miles Minter is going on the stage, I believe. Conrad Nagel has blond hair and blue eyes.

JOE GARTSIDE—The Colonel, Ltd., you address me. Now I ask you, is that complimentary, to intimate that I am limited? Mabel Normand is very busy making pictures nowadays. Her latest is "The Extra Girl."

JUST A NEW FAN—As you see, I published your answer within the next few years. I always make it a point never to keep a fan waiting for more than three years. Malcolm MacGregor's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Send a quarter for his picture.

ANXIOUS—And here I am unable to relieve your anxiety. The girl you mention in "Just Like a Woman" was apparently just an extra. Her name isn't mentioned in the cast of the picture.

JANICE BRILLIANT — So Charles De Roche has made a hit with you? No, he isn't married. His address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Cullen Landis is married and lives at 5916 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Walter McGrail is now abroad playing in "Son of the Sahara."

THE YOUNG RAJAH—So you like the two single page pictures better than the double page ones? Yes, most of our readers do. We published Lew Cody's picture in the issue for November 3, 1923. Gilda Gray is Polish and used to be a cabaret dancer. She suddenly made a hit in a Broadway revue about four years ago and has been dancing on Broadway ever since.

L. B. V.—Sorry to keep you waiting so long. Roland Bottomley does not play on the screen at all. You might try to reach him at the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. The same is true of Robert Warwick.

J. J. J.—I bet you're a jay walker, too. Nigel Barrie is six feet one, with black hair and brown eyes. He doesn't give his age. No, I am not sure that he is married. As you say, he is not a star and I hear very little of him.

A SYMPATHETIC FAN—Mrs. Wallace Reid left New York some time ago. She lives at 8327 de Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. Wallie had blond hair and blue eyes. He was six feet one.

LONA—Here you go so far as to say you adore me—can you hear the blushes sweeping my cheeks?—and then I can't tell you the name of the picture you ask about. I never saw it.

MISS INQUISITIVE—Norman Kerry will be pleased that you admire his manners. He is quite an old-timer in pictures, having played in movies seven or eight years. He is in his early thirties and is married. He is now playing in a Fox picture, "Shadow of the East."

THE KINDHEARTED—Don't blame me that you have to wait so long for your answers. It isn't my fault if every second man, woman and child in the United States writes letters requiring answers on this page. They stack up on me! You can get pictures of Lillian and Dorothy Gish by writing to them at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Charlie Chaplin's address is 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Barbara La Marr, First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Mae Murray, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY — You'll ask more questions next time, you say. Well, you'd better send me something to revive me before that happens. Ivor Novello is about twenty-six and unmarried. His address is c-o D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York. Miss Dupont's latest picture is "The Broken Wing." Kenneth Harlan is twenty-nine and Marie Prevost twenty-five. No, they aren't married. Vernon Steele was the leading man in "Thelma." Shirley Mason's address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island, and Viola Dana, Metro Studio (see above).

CHEEKIE—It doesn't seem a cordial welcome to a newcomer when you have to wait so long for your answer, but I am answering your letter as soon as its turn came. As to why Gloria Swanson is not successful in her marriages, I confess I'm not a matrimonial expert. Her address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

Which is it, *Baby Peggy*, heads or tails?

A MOVIE FAN—If it would take you all night and all day to think of your favorite screen stars, why try? I can think of lots of things you could do with that night and day. Ricardo Cortez is very handsome, I agree; write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood — Bebe Daniels also. Buck Jones lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

FEO—You didn't find your answers very soon, did you—but you can't deny that you found them! Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. He is thirteen. Harrison Ford had brown hair and eyes. He was born in Kansas City, Mo. Norma Talmadge has dark brown hair and eyes. Constance's hair is reddish blonde; her eyes are brown. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-seven; she was born in Chicago. Wesley Barry is seventeen; he lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

I WANNA KNOW—Well, then, there's only one thing for you to do and that's to ask. Cullen Landis is married and has two little daughters. He is about thirty, and was born in Nashville, Tenn. His latest pictures are "The Fog" and "Pioneer Trails."

PINK CHEEKS—Your own—the pink, I mean—or the drug store variety? I don't happen to know if Winter Hall is married, but I should guess that he is. By "Mr. Hamilton," I suppose you mean Mahlon Hamilton. I don't think he could possibly have time to answer his own letters.

THREE FAVORITES FAN—"Three Favorites" — that sounds like the name of a perfume. So you found you cared for Richard Dix when you saw "The Sin Flood?" Richard seems to be pretty popular. His address is Lasky Studio—see FEO.

PEGGY JAMES—Well, you see, you got your answers—if you waited for them. The leading ladies in "Wandering Daughters" were Marjorie Daw and Marguerite De La Motte.

C. R. (Or whatever those initials are—I can't guarantee that I read them correctly)—I suppose the reason girls are usually spoken of as being screen struck is that they are more universally so than boys. Boys presumably would have other ambitions—like wanting to be a policeman or something. You bet, come again.

TEXAS GIRL—An ardent Ford fan, are you? Did you ever ride in one? Harrison Ford is about thirty; his wife is known on the stage as Beatrice Prentice. Yes, that is his real name. He was born in Kansas City, Mo. For his picture, write him, c-o Winifred Johnstone (his secretary), 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, enclosing a quarter.

A SMALL MOVIE FAN—You can't reach Ramon Novarro in New York for a very good reason. He isn't here! Betty Compson has never been married. Kenneth Harlan is divorced from Flo Hart.

Sincerely Yours,
The Colonel

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page* 11)

the lifted mortgage. You see,"—she offered the paper she held in her hand—"I would never have had the notion of sending for the terms of the competition if it had not been for those wretches. But as it was, I did send for them, and here they are. Read them!"

She gave them to her father, who took them but did not read at once. "Tell me about it briefly," he said.

"Well, in the first place, it isn't one of those dreadful beauty shows that you've heard about, but an incident in a great scheme to make people understand and respect their bodies. There is to be a man's prize and a woman's prize, and the competitors are to come from all over the world."

"And you believe, Grace," said her mother, in a grieved tone, "that you are beautiful enough to bear comparison with selected beauties from all over the world? If that isn't vanity, I don't know what you call it."

"Well mother, dear, you might call it a strong desire to get a thousand dollars to help my dear father and you."

"Yes," said Mr. Harper, gravely, "you must acquit our girl of vanity. She is doing this out of purest, truest love for us."

Grace flushed, and swallowed a little lump that rose in her throat, and gave her father such a look of affection as repaid him for his clear judgment.

"I hope you're right," she said in a low tone. "I don't know the first thing about beauty, and so I can't do a thing about this until you tell me what you think. If you think it worth while, I must have a photograph taken; then I shall have to go to San Francisco to compete there. If I should be so lucky as to win there, I shall have to go to New York and compete with those who have been successful in other cities.

Mr. Harper began to read the conditions governing the contest, and the other matter which Grace had given him.

Mrs. Harper sat thinking. Suddenly an idea came to her that made her cry out all at once:

"How are they going decide which one has the most beautiful body?"

"By comparison," Grace answered, calmly.

"By comparison of what?"

"Bodies. It is all explained in there," pointing to the paper her father was reading.

"Nude bodies?" demanded Mrs. Harper.

"We wear tights, I think."

"Not much difference. H'm! Of course the judges are women?"

"I don't know what they will be at the beginning. In New York the decision will be by ballot.

"The contestant who receives the most votes at the exhibition will receive the prize?"

"I suppose so. I don't see how else there could be any voting."

"In tights?"

"I suppose so."

"Showing your whole—whole figure?"

"I think so."

"I shall never consent to it, Grace. How can you—how can you even contemplate such a thing? The immodesty, the indecency—oh! the whole affair is so shocking——"

"Please wait until father has read and understands everything, won't you, mother, dear?"

"What will Will Belden say to such a thing?"

"Will Belden has no more to do with it than our shepherd dog."

"You are a strange girl, Grace."

"Now, mother, dear," said Grace, coaxingly putting her arm about her mother, "don't take it this way. You know I shall do nothing that you and father do not approve of. All I ask of you is to read about it, discuss it with us, and make up your mind afterward. You will do that, won't you?"

"I SUPPOSE I shall have to. But I assure you that nothing in this world can ever make me change my opinion of the things you would be called upon to do in order to compete for this prize. I have never liked your way of wearing men's clothes, anyhow."

"I couldn't have helped father if I hadn't," answered Grace patiently. "And I have always done all the work I could in the house. You know, father could not afford to hire help."

"It's very unfortunate, I'm sure," said Mrs. Harper, weakly.

"Well, father?" queried Grace.

Though *Robert Agnew* doesn't go in wading with *Mary Astor*, he creates quite a splash.

"I haven't read carefully, but I think I understand."

"Well?"

"It will entail a very radical departure from conservative views on such matters. What do you think, yourself? How do you believe that you will like being on inspection before judges, even in tights? You know it is most likely that they will be men."

"I'VE thought of that," she answered; "but I remember that you have always taught me that my body was not a shameful thing. I know that it is not my body, but the use I make of it, that counts. I have thought about being looked at, but why should I care, excepting that I am not used to it? If I am beautiful to the eye, I don't believe anyone will consider anything but my beauty. Anyhow, if I am sure, I must be content with that; I cannot analyze the feelings and motives of others. Having my clothes on did not save me from the impure thoughts of the Mortons; and showing the outlines of my form will not affect the thoughts of pure men. In any case, I must find my well-being in my own purity."

"Very well said, Grace."

"You do not uphold her in her wish to compete?" cried Mrs. Harper.

"Grace has her own life to live, mother," he answered. "You and I must do our duty by telling her how we see this matter, and then she must be left to decide for herself. If she were trying to obtain this money just for me, I would have to view the matter differently, but the farm will be hers some day, and what she does for it now she will be doing for herself; so all we have to do is to advise, not to try to control her."

"But you will advise her against doing this?"

"I shall tell her all that I think is necessary for her to comprehend that which she is contemplating doing."

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, driven to her last hope, "we don't know that she is beautiful enough, anyhow; and I don't know how we are going to find out."

"How shall we discover?" Grace asked her father.

"By taking measurements."

"But how shall we know what the correct measurements are?"

"Ah! there is the difficulty. I have somewhere the old Greek ideal of womanly beauty, but that may not conform to the ideal which these people have in view. I think that you have hit upon the correct notion in saying that the useful is the test of the beautiful. If an athletic type of woman is desired, then perhaps you will have a chance."

"Oh, father! Will you measure me now?"

"Yes, I will find the book that has the proportions in, and we will compare yours with those that are laid down in it."

"There is still the photograph," said Mrs. Harper, suggesting the next difficulty, and yet, in her secret heart, beginning to take an interest in the affair. "Surely you will never let any of those town photographers take you?"

"We can borrow a camera, so far as that is concerned," said Mr. Harper, as he went out of the room.

"Oh, mother, dear," said Grace, cajolingly, "you do hope that I shall turn out to be beautiful, don't you?"

"I don't care how beautiful you are; it's the thought of so many men looking at you."

"But, mother," said Grace, as, after a hunt in a cupboard, she found a pair of short, tightly-fitting swimming trunks, such as are used by boys, and began to undress to be measured, "don't you know that most persons would think it awful for my father to see me even partially naked?"

"Most persons have very nasty ideas about such things. Nudity isn't improper; it is the attitude that people take toward it that is wrong."

"But why won't the same argument apply to all men as well as to father?"

"All men are not as pure-minded as your father."

"You don't know until you've given them a chance, mother." She threw off her last garment, drew on the trunks, and stretched herself with the joy one always feels in getting rid of the tramels of clothing.

"Mrs. Harper looked with delight on the lithe, well, rounded body of her daughter, and exclaimed involuntarily:

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(Continued from page 19)

scene with a girl younger and prettier than yourself, or long location trips, where it would not be possible for husband or wife to go. Long separations. Suspicions. Doubts. Many of them well enough founded. He'd be damned, he said, if he would want to marry a girl who spent her life on various sets in the strangleholds of various men. It was all very well to put it down to acting, art, one's work or whatever you choose to call it. All very well, and sometimes even true enough. But the fact remained that men and women are men and women, and close contacts do not make for—well, for platonic friendships, let us say. So he understood how the girl he loved felt about it. He'd been true to her all along, he said, because he loved her. Because he wanted her and hadn't had her. But he knew himself and human nature well enough to know that if he married her and remained on the screen in his present capacity of young lover to the most chosen beauties, he would doubtless fall as many a better man had fallen before him.

I asked him what he intended to do about it, then, and he rubbed the palm of his hand, indicating an itch for the coin of the realm. He had almost enough saved as it was, he told me, and when he had got enough, he was going to get out of the life, marry the girl and settle down. He'd buy up some safe, sound business and become a respectable citizen and the father of a large family, he thought.

Poor boy, he was horribly well-intentioned, but he never carried out his safe, sweet-smelling dreams. We made one other picture together and after that they featured him in one and he became a star on his own. It was too much for him. Among the wreckage of the primrose path lay the debris of his own dreams.

He told me, too, on that trip over, that he had felt far from safe with me. "I could easily go mad about you," he said, "but I would know it for that alone . . . madness. But it illustrates what I mean. When I kiss you, when I hold you in my arms, even under the Kleigs, while the camera is grinding, the world spins around on its axis for me. I go blind and drunk and crazy. You see . . .?"

MOTHER was taken ill the day before we landed in New York and was absolutely unable to make the trip with us. We decided that the best thing for her to do would be to stay in the East in some pleasant sanitarium and then come on when she felt able, or, possibly, we might make the next picture in the East.

"Celeste will take care of you," mother said. Poor mother!

Mr. ————, the director, kept to his stateroom most of the way to California. It seemed doubtful as to whether he would be able to work when we arrived.

We wired his condition from Chicago, and when we reached the Coast he was taken off the train on a stretcher. Somehow I felt personally guilty for his condition. I felt that I would always have him on my mind. I could visualize him as he had been the day we left California to make the long trip, alert, self-assured, hearty, and now, on the day of our return, furtive-looking, nervous, shaken. I know now that it was not my fault. That that sort of thing is never any one person's fault. He had simply used me, subconsciously, but none the less surely, as the blade to cut the thread of his thin control.

When Celeste and I reached home, we found a wire there saying that the New York office was sending on a young director who would work with me in the next production until, at least, Mr. ————should be in fit condition to work again.

That night I went to pieces. I've never been very strong. I know that now. My childhood, starved in so many ways, the abuse of my very young youth, the strain and struggle of those days in New York . . . well, Nature never forgets. One day, soon or late, there is a toll to pay and in the kind of work I am doing, the nervousness of it, the endless competition of it, the sensitized nervous system collapses more swiftly than when one is leading a more leisurely life.

Many things, great and small, contributed to it. The trip had been thrilling and pleasurable for the most part, but Mr. ————'s attentions had upset me more than I imagined. Then, too, I was worried about mother. Celeste had begun to get on my nerves. My aroused suspicions of her would not let me be. When I got home I found that Miss ————, my nice press agent, had left me to go into the writing of continuities, and I had rather come to rely upon her for all of the publicity I had done. This would mean breaking in a new press agent and one of my hobbies was the sort of stuff sent out about me. A new director always made me apprehensive. As a matter of fact, I knew so much less than I thought I did! My air of self-confidence was more than half-assumed. Some day, I feared, some director would get hold of me who would pierce the thin veil of my pretension.

RICHEE

Oh, well, *Betty Compson* should worry—it's always warm in *California*.

I simply smashed up. I sat on the floor of the bathroom and screamed, first with laughter, then with harsh sobs. I couldn't stop. Self-control seemed to have deserted me entirely. Celeste argued and pleaded. She kept reminding me over and over again of the fact that the production would be started almost immediately thereafter, that owing to Mr. ————'s illness, we were almost entirely unprepared and that I must pull myself together by some means or other.

That night she gave me my first shot of dope. A soothing medicine, she told me, and whether she had told me a soothing medicine or a dose of cold poison, I would have taken it then to stop the mad jangling of my whole nervous system.

By the end of the week I was taking a daily dose. I felt alert and bright and fit. I took the script myself and got my part in it down pat. I helped the assistant director with the sets and conferred with the casting director. They told me that the new director was quite "green," but that he had just done a marvelous thing for the Blank Company and was hailed as an originator in the field.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I read of him while I was in London. His name is Charles Dorian, isn't it?"

They told me that it was.

The night he was to arrive, I told the cast that I would give a party in my apartment to welcome him to California.

Ten of us were gathered there together to meet him. We had had a caterer prepare dinner. Celeste had given me my dose before the evening set in, and we had had some half dozen rounds of cocktails.

We were in gorgeous fettle when my chauffeur preceded the new director into the hall, and the housemaid ushered him in.

The new director was *Clemence!*

Clemence!

For a moment I thought every drop of blood in my body had rushed to my heart. It beat so violently. Then the blood drained away again, leaving me deathly white, and I heard somebody say, "The new director has knocked her for a goal! She's going to faint!" Someone else laughed and shouted, "First time I ever saw ———— lose her grip!" and then I heard a preposterously high-pitched voice, my own, laughing shrilly back, "Don't be absurd, give me a drink!" With the swift gulping down of the tenth or eleventh cocktail, my composure returned and I was able to greet Charles Dorian with the aplomb befitting a stranger and my new director For his part, he showed admirable composure. I was ludicrously reminded of Celeste. Evidently, oh, very evidently, Charles Dorian had never before laid eyes on his new star. That was what his manner told me. That was what the rest of the room might justifiably have thought. But I, ah, I knew differently, with that inner, deep part of me that always knew the naked little truths of things. The weeping little naked truths, or the laughing little naked truths, but always the *truths.*

Charles Dorian knew me because he had never forgotten me. He was here, not by accident or happenstance, but because he had planned to be here. Ah, my heart told me that, and my pulses and my blood and the still, small thing they call a conscience, but which is a soul! And Charles Dorian was NOT Charles Dorian, the new and promising young director, a young man with stern straight features and fair hair and a quiet manner. Charles Dorian was Clemence, *my* Clemence, the young, white-stricken Clemence I had stabbed through and through by the winding brook in that long ago Spring wood. *I knew!*

And with that knowledge, more bitter and more sweet than any knowledge I had ever had, came, incongruously but femininely perhaps, the desire to stab him again as I had stabbed him then. The craving to see if my power still prevailed.

If he had come to me and taken both my hands in his! If he had said to me by sign of eyes or mouth or gesture, "Dear, it is I!" But he didn't. He was Charles Dorian for the rest of the company, asking polite questions, answering polite questions, talking about his trip, about Hollywood. "Yes, I've been here before . . . No, I am not enthusiastic about the climate . . . Yes, I think the picture has a big theme . . . Yes, I like to direct dramatic romances . . . No, I've never done comedies" . . . etcetera, etcetera, maddeningly, while, all the time, my blood was calling to his, his newly dignified, newly remote blood, running, orderly, through his veins.

I must hurt him! How?

Assuming that he still loved me, and if he didn't still love me, then nothing mattered anyhow, in any way, not all the Past, not all my efforts, not all of my Success, but if he did still love me, then the thing that would hurt him worst would be to see me drinking and making merry, being disregardful of him, being flippant and frivolous . . . and worse.

I cried out, "Oh, for heaven's sake, cut the georgette crepe, and let's have some jazz . . . some more drinks . . . anything!"

The rest of the crowd were with me in a flash. The butler brought in fresh glasses, the "bar" was open again. Someone turned on the Victrola. I grabbed my leading man around the waist and

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I Want to Be a Lady With Long Hair

(Continued from page 13)

"No, that isn't right," said Peggy, and rolled the paper back for a fresh start. "D" was her next accident, and when she had written "deep," she discovered that that wasn't right, either. After another tentative effort, she finally emerged triumphant.

"There," she proclaimed, showing me her final effort; "peeggy," I read.

"Now, I'll write my middle name," she volunteered, and came out successfully with "jeen."

Then followed a succession of asterisks, and quotation marks, and the typewriter became altogether incoherent. It really looked as if Peggy were all set for a stenographic day, until finally her mother suggested that it was time to go. Immediately—for Peggy is most obedient, in spite of her mischievous look—she bounded out of her chair and made several hops across the room.

"Are you going out and see some more of New York?" I flung a parting question at her. "Have you seen all the tall buildings?"

"Not all of them," she assured me quite seriously—and went leaping across the threshold.

Baby Peggy—the Cutest Kid in the World

(Continued from page 9)

"Something funny happened in that connection," Mr. Montgomery explained. "It was out in Los Angeles and we had working for us a colored man and his wife. One day Baby went out in the yard to play, and our maid, on her way to the store and without our knowledge, took Baby with her. Well, when we discovered her absence, the whole community was in an uproar. We thought, naturally, that Baby had been kidnapped and we were beside ourselves with anxiety. Then, as it happened, the husband of our colored maid discovered his wife and Baby near the railway station and without a word ran up and snatched the child away from her.

"Where you goin' wid dat chile?" he demanded and rushed back to us with Baby.

"Well, his wife was the most indignant person in the world and returned home, vowing she was leaving and would never live with him again. Finally, however, they patched matters up and all was forgiven. But it gave us a bad scare."

Peggy showed her little pearl-like teeth in a smile of appreciation and the next instant she had slid from our knee to her father's, with an imploring question to let her "ride" him. So a belt was produced and father and daughter engaged in a strange game in which the former paused only long enough to look up and remark:

"It's the best belt I ever tasted."

It was great fun for all of us, particularly Louise, Peggy's older sister, who laughed whenever her daddy "bucked" Peggy off on the floor where she would lie helpless in paroxysms of infantile mirth.

We said good-bye to the tiny mite who has thrown a lariat around America's heart, and as we passed out of her life and the building that sheltered it, we thought sadly: "What a pity that she's ever got to grow up!"

If You Can't Be a Star—Don't Get Discouraged

(Continued from page 12)

woman. Beginning as a lowly seamstress mending the rips in costumes, one can work up to staggerly important positions. Such is the history of Ethel Israel, wardrobe mistress at United Studios.

But there's only one thing to remember—Hollywood being the mecca for half the country, one has to be especially gifted to fit into the scheme of things there. And no matter how talented you are in your particular field, don't go out there and ask to become the wardrobe mistress or the continuity clerk the instant you arrive. For everyone of the topnotchers is there by reason of long service in the studio and a thorough knowledge of picture making.

They start at the bottom rung of the ladder, gazing up at the stars!

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The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(*Continued from page 24*)

we took the floor. I dance well. I flatter myself, or I did, that no one on the screen or off can shake a wickeder shimmy or turn a crueller tango than I can when I have a few drinks and a little extra pep. I did my best and my worst that night. The hours began to speed by. We all drank more and more. We sang and danced and foraged in the pantry and told wild stories and were sick and got better again and when the morning began to push chilly white fingers into the windows, we were still dancing, still drinking, still singing in voices more and more without enunciation, and without key. Once or twice, I recall dimly I danced with the stiff Charles Dorian. I tried to snuggle up to him, to make him make love to me, but I was unsuccessful. Through the haze I had created in my brain I saw his face a long way off, very white and still, but without either suffering or pleasure. A detached face. Quite detached from me and from what I was doing.

IT WAS bright daylight when the crowd broke up. As soon as they had gone, Celeste gave me my "shot" and I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was high noon and my brain had cleared. My head was very clear, indeed. I remembered two things of the whole wild night. Two things that had not registered at all during the progress of the "party." One was coming inadvertently upon Celeste and Charles Dorian in the hall leading down to my bedroom. Celeste and Charles Dorian in low-toned and very earnest confab, Celeste looking rather sleuthy and shifty, something, it came back to me, like a cornered white rat, and Charles Dorian seeming very tall and stern and autocratic. The second thing was Charles Dorian saying to me as he departed, bearing up my leading man, "If you are to work with me in a picture, you've got to cut this sort of thing out. I haven't the time to waste."

I couldn't tell why, but those two things swept all the rest of that miraculous, mad evening away. Even the astounding, unbelievable fact that Charles Dorian was Clemence, who had once been mine, and who was mine no longer. Now, in the cold light of daytime, my blood gave me the lie. I had been romancing when I had thought that he was still mine, pretending not to be. Dissembling. I was so egomaniacal that I would think that of him just to please my silly, conceited self. I scourged myself with common-sense. Absurd for me to suppose that this self-possessed, self-sufficient young man had gone his way in the world all of these years carrying in his heart the silly image of a silly girl who had turned him down for a dream of glory. A dream of glory which, when he came upon it, when I was able to show it to him, able to say to him: "See, this is what I refused you for. This is the thing for which I sacrificed our young love," turned out to be only a conceit-crazed girl with her name in cheap electrics, the hostess of a ribald revelry.

Funny! Oh, as funny as *hell!*

I wept with self-pity.

But what had he been doing with Celeste? It seemed to me that I was constantly coming upon Celeste in hallways with men, whispering with them and looking like a cornered white rat. I suddenly and completely knew that I loathed Celeste. I suddenly was sure that she was a white rat. Skulking in noisome corners, doing noisome things. I stretched my arms and allowed the self-pitiful tears to trickle down my face. Suddenly I gave a little shriek. My arm . . . my white arm . . . and Mrs. Y———'s arm . . . hideous with little periods of putrefaction. My arm . . . Celeste . . . and Mrs. Y———!

In sheer terror and from force of habit, I cried out, "Celeste! Celeste!" There was no answer. The apartment was utterly silent. I called again. Still no answer. Well, but where was she? Why wasn't she on hand? I wanted my morning shot. My nerves were jumping like fine wires. I HAD to have it. I HAD to have her. Already I had to have it and to have "it" I had to have her.

"Celeste! Celeste!"

Perfect silence. The sun poured in and the sweat stood out on my body in stabbing prickles. I was afraid in the noon sunshine. What on earth could *ail* the woman? At three o'clock I had to be at the studio to meet the rest of the cast and Charles Dorian. This night, our leading man was going to give another party at his apartment. He had promised that some of the "regulars" would be there, and the party would be as "regular" as the crowd. Then we had sworn solemnly that we would "lay off the high jinks" until the picture should be finished. I had to pull myself together for my appointment at three and for the party in the evening. I had to go to meet Charles Dorian looking and feeling fit. Suppose he should see me in this shape? White, shaky, inadequate.

I wanted some coffee, some of my "medicine," perhaps a drink and then, after a hot bath and a shower, I would be "as good as new." Celeste knew I needed all of these things. She couldn't have gone to do the marketing, because I had got a Jap servant now who did all of these things, giving Celeste all of *her* time to care for me. What on earth . . . what the *devil* . . .?

I HEARD a key click in the door of the hall. Then she *had* gone out after all. Perhaps I had run out of my "medicine." Celeste was the only one who knew how and where to get it. She had warned me that I must leave that entirely to her and that if I ever so much as breathed that I had it, or where I got it, it would cease and she would tell my director and the producing manager and everyone who would be able to do me harm. But why hadn't she gone earlier and have been back in time, when I awakened? How had she *dared* . . .?

"Celeste!" I screamed in nervous wrath and terror.

Footsteps . . . firm and delicate . . . *not* Celeste's . . .

No voice answering. Had that she-devil gone and told on me? Were these firm footsteps the footsteps of my avenging fate? Was there to be another Hollywood "expose?"

The door opened and Charles Dorian stepped into the room!

I screamed again, faintly, and drew the bedclothes up over my head.

He came over to the bed and pulled them down until I lay back there staring up at him, panting a little.

He didn't smile. He didn't seem angry. Still detached. Still Charles Dorian.

He drew a chair up to my bed and sat down on it. "I think I've come just about in time," he said, calling me by name.

"Yes . . .," I said. I didn't mean to say that. I didn't think that he had come "in time." I thought that he had come at the very worst time possible. Last night . . . and now this morning . . . here I was, white, haggard, dishevelled, unbathed and unarrayed. It was like a nightmare. . . . Once, long ago, I had dreamed that I was rushing along the streets of New York! Crowded, dirty, ugly streets, with my hair stringing down about me, my shoes in holes, my dress torn and soiled, and every man who jostled me seemed to have Clemence's face, seemed to be laughing at me and saying, "So, so, this is what you wanted when you gave *me* up!"

But this man, this familiar stranger, was not jeering at me. *He was feeling sorry for me.*

"Where is my maid?" I finally said, with what dignity I could muster. I added, "And what are *you* doing in here like this—unannounced—what does it *mean?*"

"I imagine that Celeste is on her way to foreign parts," he said evenly, "and I am here because it is necessary for someone trustworthy to be here just now."

I sat straight up in bed and tried to command the situation, but the effort was too much for me and I fell back on the pillow.

"You'll have to get me . . . something to drink," I said.

"I'll get you something to eat," Charles Dorian said, "and then we'll talk."

Oh, if only he would take me in his arms, lay my head against his breast, put his mouth against mine, murmur to me, croon to me, be tender with me, how I would break down all reserves, how I would sob and confess and be sorry to him, humble and ashamed and eager to try again! That is what I thought. How dared I be the self I was before this negative mask, this familiar stranger with the impartially critical eye? Why was he, Clemence, wearing the garb of the stranger? Why was he different and new when, all the while, I was still I, still, ah, *I knew it*, still the half-grown, tremulous girl, dreaming of glory and desiring love, who had walked with him in those Spring woods long, long ago?

Why didn't he KNOW that I was still I, this

haggard woman dancing her "dance macabre" on the very brink of destruction?

"No one knows anyone else," I muttered to myself. "Not even when they have been mouth to mouth and heart to heart and youth to youth. No one *ever* knows anyone else. Oh, it is so *lonely!*"

Presently Charles Dorian came back. He had brought me hot coffee and orange juice and a golden, poached egg.

"How nicely you do things," I said gratefully. It was the first thing I had felt grateful for since the assistant director had bought me that luncheon in Tracy's the day I got my start.

"Oh, I like to do this sort of thing," Charles Dorian said.

I thought—or did I imagine?—that he looked a little bit warmer, a little nearer to me, a little closer to . . . to Clemence.

He piled pillows behind me and picked up his paper while I ate my breakfast. I didn't want more than the first mouthful, but I would have eaten it all if I had died in the very middle of the egg.

As soon as I had finished, he took the tray from me, carried it out of the room and then came back and sat down again. He crossed his knees and put the palms of his hands together. I suddenly felt a pang of pity. His gold hair was silvered at his temples and I remembered all at once how *young* Clemence's hands used to be. Rounded knuckles . . . immature fingers . . . for all their length and facility with the piano board. This man's hands were shapely and definite. The hands of a dreamer become a doer.

"You wanted to talk to me . . .?" I said.

"Yes . . . I'm not going to ask you any questions, because if I do you will lie to me . . ."

The cry came from me without my volition. I didn't know that I was going to say his name until his name was said. But his cold, even, balanced statement had seemed like a slender knife neatly cleaving my flesh, making me wince and cry out.

When I cried his name, he said, but very gently, "Please wait . . . for *that* . . . I'm not going to ask you any questions because you will lie to me. I repeat that. But you didn't let me finish quite. You would lie to me because you wouldn't be able to help yourself. You wouldn't be quite certain that you *were* lying. All sorts of motives would enter into it. Self-preservation. Fear. The desire to preserve an illusion. Your original trick of self-delusion and not knowing what is best for you and what is not. You never knew what was best for you. You don't now."

I LAY still, my eyes on his mouth. Whatever he had to say now would be said . . . my vacillating weakness was at last submerged and consumed by his strength. The man was greater than I. What he had to say was more important than anything I could have found to lie about.

"When I first knew you," he was saying, "you didn't know what was best for you. You didn't know what you wanted, or rather, you didn't know what you wanted most. More importantly, you didn't know what you needed most. You were all at sixes and sevens. You thought you wanted to be a movie star. Well, so you did. But what you wanted most was to be loved, was to be given something to hold on to, was to fulfill your youth. You turned away from that. I let you turn. But after you had gone, or after I had gone, I knew that we had both made a hideous mistake. I found that out . . . well, very soon.

"You were too weak, but I wasn't strong enough, but that part of the story is neither here nor there just now.

"I want to tell you about yourself, your immediate self.

"I know all about your success, mostly all about your past life. I got it here and there . . . I met Mr. Y———, for one thing. He told me certain details, from which I managed to piece out a certain total.

"I know about your various pictures and where you have been and all that. That is inconsiderable.

"Now . . . now is the important thing. *You have been taking drugs!* Don't lie! That is one of the characteristics. But it won't go an inch with me. I know that you have been taking them. I have it straight. From the very person who has been procuring the stuff for you, and who has procured it for many others before you. Your maid, Celeste. I think I've said almost enough. She's one of the rotten ring, one of the best they have. She's probably started more wretched victims hellwards than any other ten creatures known

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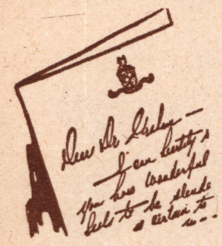

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as women. Not long after you and I . . . parted . . . I got into doing some odds and ends . . . sort of clean-up jobs in league with various anti-vice associations here and there. The details don't matter. Among others, I met Mr. Y———. I knew that you had been in his home. Well, what he told me gave me many clues. Some of them damning ones enough . . . all that's over. But this Celeste first went to Mrs. Y——— because she had heard through the usual subterranean methods that the unfortunate woman was a strong 'possibility,' being already fairly well addicted to the habit, though never as she was addicted to it after Celeste entered her employ. You, Celeste spotted as another 'possibility.' That was why she gave you the advice she did, She wanted you to have money. You would be so much the better meat for her game. She has always kept her eyes on you. Those swine are like cats. They see in the dark. They see things we only guess at.

"Well, I had a pretty thorough schooling in underground workings. Some of the knowledge I picked up here and there came in very valuable to a producer of pictures at one time. I worked with him on the story. Stuck around the studio. Gradually I got to know the game, the technical end of it. And all the while, of course, I knew about you, what you were doing, pretty much, how you were getting along. And all the while, too, as I grew and developed, I held the thought that one day I must qualify sufficiently to be able to meet you on your own ground—equally.

"When they finally gave me my chance to assist at directing, I changed my name for professional purposes. I had several reasons. One was that my own name was pretty well-known in the underworld regions and I thought it might be safer and pleasanter and more worth while to have a pseudonym. Then, too, I was rather superstitious about my own name. It seemed to me sometimes to be the envelope of my old futile personality. The symbol of the gangling boy who had played the piano in a movie theatre and . . . and let you go . . . No, don't stop me, please. I thought that, with a new name and definite new purpose and joy in life, I might step out once and for all from that boy who had been a dreaming failure. The new name would be the new man. I had looked on the Springtime, flowery face of Life, and it had turned away. I had dug and delved into the miseries of Life and learned some bitter, profitable lessons. Now, I thought, I might reconcile the two. Just before I signed my contract to direct three pictures for this company, I learned that you were on the Coast, and one of my associates in the work I had been doing previously, gave me the information that the woman who called herself Celeste was in your employ. I knew what that meant to you. And God knows I realized what it meant to me. I heard of the plight of Mr. ————, your former director. Before I signed my contract, I stipulated that I should be sent to the Coast to direct you in your next picture. Mr. ———— was incapacitated . . . here I am. *Here I am!*"

"Oh-h-h-h!" I cried and the quick tears rushed over my face again.

Then Charles Dorian became Clemence truly. He bent down and gathered me, all forlorn as I was, into his arms. He kissed my tangled hair, my wet, closed eyes, my trembling mouth, my arms, my hands, my throat. And as he kissed me, all of the submerged longing for him that had run through my years of failure and of triumph like a persistent undertone, broke into passionate being. Now I was fulfilled! Now I was complete! Now the uneasiness, the hungriness, the wondering was at an end.

He was whispering into the pulses of my throat that he had come just in time . . . that I was a baby . . . silly . . . but he was in time . . . in time . . . we would begin again . . . he and I, together . . .

Clemence . . . my Youth . . . my Love . . .! Youth and my love again!

I BELIEVE that I have confessed in full. I have rid my soul of an accumulated burden. More fully certainly than any of my starry sisters . . . or brothers. So fully that if my identity should be guessed from these papers I should have to go about veiled and hidden.

It is because my identity may be guessed that I have not dared to reveal quite all that Clemence told me of his work on that immemorial day. There is certain data which I must slur over in order to protect him. His names, too, of course. Both fictitious and only one known to the Public.

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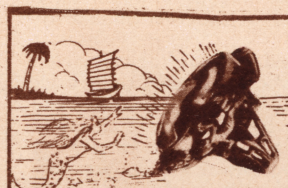

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There is an entirely new kind of preparation for beautifying the eyelashes—a preparation which has been well-named "the invisible beautifier." It makes even the scantiest lashes seem long, thick and beautiful yet it does not give a made-up-looking appearance at all.

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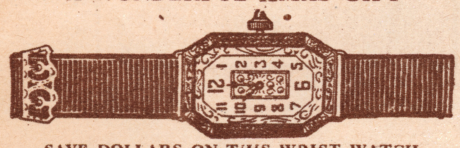

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But this much more I must confess for the sheer joy of writing so triumphal an end to the long story of sorrows and successes I have recorded, and that is the fact that his name, his own name, is *my name, too.* Mine truly. For professional reasons our marriage is still a secret, excepting only to mother. By the time these confessions find their way into print, if they ever should, it may be a secret no longer. But we plan to keep it so until I retire from the screen, which may not be until the expiration of my contract. Of that I am not quite sure.

I am only sure that I am very happy. So happy that I have to remember tragedy and want and loneliness in order to enact them. So very, very happy that I have to prod myself with deliberate memories of my near-destruction, my mutilated youth, my near-missing of the life which is love. I have to keep remembering these things in order to restrain myself from showering rainbows of laughter over the screen. Mother says I act like a comedian off the "set."

I shall work a little longer because, after all, I did strive so mightily for what I have, and what I have is now become worth while since I have realized it cannot be quite all. I did risk so vast and heart-breaking a loss and came so near to slipping on the slimy flowers of the fabled primrose path. I want to prove to myself and to Clemence and to mother that I did have something worthier in me than the false fires of egotism and vainglorious youth; that all my posturing was not in vain. And I want, too, to give enough to the Public, which has been so kind to me, to keep me green in its memory when I am gone.

And after this . . . after a few more pictures . . . a few more years . . . perhaps less . . . another "star" shall fall from the heavens of the shadows. Phantom hands now cradling little borrowed "extra" heads shall hold warm flesh and blood and love, and to have been a star through heavens, stormy and serene, shall be crowned with blessedness at last. THE END.

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(Continued from page 22)

"You certainly ought to get the prize. I don't believe there's a more beautiful body in the world; that is," she added, hastily, "I don't know anything about it."

Grace laughed, and hugged her mother, declaring that the matter was settled since so good a judge had pronounced her perfect. And not only did Mrs. Harper protest in vain, but being in the minority, and being very proud of her daughter, she was very glad to come over gradually to Grace's views; so that when Mr. Harper returned with his book he found that the only question that needed to be settled was whether or not Grace seemed to have sufficient beauty of form to warrant her in undergoing the test of comparison with the thousands who might and probably would offer themselves in competition.

CHAPTER VII

Is Anything the Matter?

IT WAS decided that Grace was beautiful.

And the odd thing was that the more Mrs. Harper thought about it, the more pleased was she with the notion of her daughter being pronounced the most beautiful woman in the world. And she never entertained a doubt that that would happen, except when Grace begged her to remember that probably some of the other contestants might be provided with equally sanguine mothers.

At first it was decided that there was no need of Will Belden knowing anything about the matter; but by the time Grace had been photographed in a set of tights borrowed from a traveling show, and a letter had been received from the magazine acknowledging the receipt of the picture and assuring Grace that she had all the appearance of being a promising applicant, they had become so used to the idea that it had lost its first semblance of a daring if not a shocking departure from the usual.

Then an unexpected thing happened which put it out of their power to use their judgment in regard to Will; but, at any rate, not until Grace had made up her mind that she would tell him everything. The magazine offering the prize published her picture and name under it.

Grace gasped when she saw it, though if she

Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

At the Age of 2

He believes in Luck — He is Himself

At the Age of 20

He still believes in Luck — and He is Himself

At the Age of 30

Beginning to doubt His Luck — Sure of Himself

At the Age of 40

Out of Luck — A Big Success

At the Age of 60

Down and Out — Well Provided

Luck vs. Self

The one who succeeded believed in himself. He grabbed his opportunities as he saw them and made good because he was prepared. He planned his progress step by step and fitted himself with special training for the line of work he wanted to follow and liked the best. The other fellow—the failure—blinded by his unreasoning belief in luck that never came, could only say: "That man sure was born lucky."

There Is No Luck

Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying—"Those who have—get." The more you go after and get for yourself instead of waiting for "luck" to come, the more good fortune is forced on you. Those who are patiently waiting for something good to turn up are invariably disappointed in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

Stop Idle Dreaming

Take action and make your dreams come true. Make up your mind to be a success in that line of work or profession you like best—get the special training that will fit you. Do this and you will make your own good luck. But remember, the big thing is to be prepared—to have the special training that will enable you to make use of the many opportunities that will surely come your way just as soon as you have unbounded faith in yourself. Now take the first and really most important step in making your own good luck by sending in the coupon. This puts you under no obligation and no agents will bother you.

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had given the matter proper consideration, she would have known that that was precisely what would happen. Mrs. Harper was speechless, but the horror on her face betrayed what she was unable to say, which was: "Everybody will know all about it now."

Mr. Harper looked grave for a while, then shrugged his shoulders. "It serves us right, my dear," he said to Grace. "We were going about this as if it was something we were ashamed of. Now we are out in the open, and will have to justify ourselves."

As a matter of fact, Grace was not much concerned about what her friends thought, and she did not know how much she cared about what Will thought until she met him two days later, as she was crossing the farm to bring in some stray sheep.

She caught her breath, and even glanced about as if looking for some avenue of escape, which was quite unlike her usual, courageous way of meeting difficulties. Then she became defiant, and said to herself that it was none of his business, anyhow.

She rode toward him, rigid, and on the defensive. If he went too far, she would tell him how little of his concern it was, whatever she might choose to do.

"Good morning, Will," she said, with a sort of aggressive indifference.

"Good morning, Grace! Where're you going?"

He brought his horse around and took his place by her side; and so they rode on together for some time without exchanging a word. When he could stand the silence no longer, he said in a troubled tone:

"Is anything the matter, Grace?"

"What did you come over to talk about? Has that magazine in your pocket anything to do with it?" She had seen the magazine in his side pocket.

"Why, I suppose it has."

"Well," she said, sharply, pulling her mare back on its haunches quite unconsciously in her anger, "I presume you know that when I want to discuss my business with you I will invite you to a conference."

"But, Grace!" he protested, humbly.

"Yes," she retorted quickly, "I know just exactly all the old conventional arguments that come easily to the lips, but convention never did rule me, and I hope never will; common sense is a good enough guide for me."

"But, Grace!" he protested again.

"If my father," she broke in, warmly, "approves of what I do, it doesn't make the least little bit of difference to me who disapproves. Not because he is my father, but because he has more sense than any other man I ever knew."

"You know I agree with you about your father, Grace. I always go to him for advice when I can."

"Well, then!" she said, in a challenging tone.

"But I don't see, Grace, why you pitch into me in this way. I didn't come over here to criticize anything you had done, or to express my disapproval. I saw your picture in the magazine, read that you were going to compete for the prize, and came over to talk about it, just as we always have talked about things that interested each other until I was so misguided as to let you know that I loved you. Since then, it seems, I can do nothing right, and have been forfeited the few privileges I had before."

"Forgive me, Will, I thought maybe you didn't approve. As for your telling me that the other day, why I didn't mean to let it make any difference. Honest, I was going to tell you about the competition, forgetting that my picture would be in the magazine, and that would let the murder out."

"Oh, yes, everybody knows about it now."

"I don't care what they think, Will. I talked it over with father and mother, and we did what suited us."

"Why," said Will hesitatingly, "I suppose there will be some who will criticize you adversely, just as they would if you joined the church or signed the temperance pledge, but I don't see why I mightn't tell you that all with whom I've had any talk about the matter say they think you are to win."

"They don't call me immodest, or anything like that?"

"NO, INDEED. Of course, some of the girls admit they never could have done it, but I assure you I haven't heard one word of disapproval."

"Not even your mother?"

"Not even mother. Of course, you know, she wouldn't have let a daughter of hers do it; but you see you have been different from other girls all along, and nobody expects you to do the conventional thing."

"What a fool I am, Will. Do you know I had my war paint on, and was all ready for a pitched battle with you over this thing? I thought you were going to try to dissuade me, and bring up the conventional arguments about immodesty and all that, and would try to scare me by saying how all our friends condemned me for going into the competition.

"No," he answered slowly, "I had no such thought on my mind. I suppose you have educated us by being so free and so different from other girls, and at the same time by being so pure and so simple and fine. Why, there isn't a girl I know who is jealous of you for all that you are such a beauty."

"Say, Will," she cried with a merry laugh, "do you know it was your telling me that I was beautiful the other day that gave me this idea? I give you my word I had never dreamed of such a thing before. I knew I was stronger and more active than most girls——"

"Any girls," he interjected.

"Yes, any girls we know, I suppose; but that I was beautiful never occurred to me until you told me so, and afterward Don Morton."

"Don Morton!" he cried, in a tone of pain.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of him, of all men, Will. I hate him, despise him, loathe him."

"In two weeks."

"Some of the boys and girls want to give you a dance before you go. You won't object to that, will you?"

"You bet I won't."

"Well," he said, trying hard to seem cheerful, "we are all so sure that you will win the prize that we want to have a good farewell jollification so as to have something to remember you by all the long time you will be gone. As for me, Grace, don't forget what I've said, but don't remember as a prophecy of evil. I hope you'll win the thousand dollars, and come back with it to pay off the mortgage."

"Thank you, Will, and shake hands."

The farewell dance developed into the greatest event the neighborhood had ever known; everybody was preparing for it and talking about it. Grace pretty nearly forgot the competition in her interest in the jollification; and quite forgot Don Morton until one day an odd thing happened that very sharply brought him back to her.

(Continued next week)

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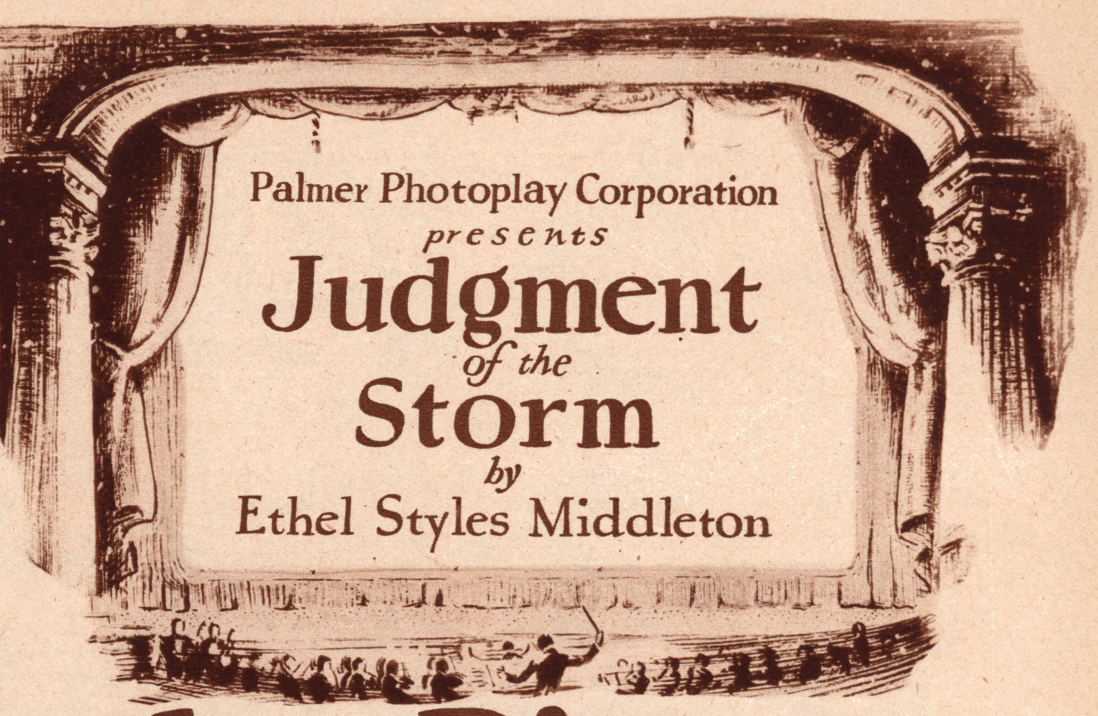
MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Pittsburgh housewife, author of the original screen play, "Judgment of the Storm."



Here's the Picture Millions Await!

- created by the wife of a factory foreman

THIS is the story of a remarkable new photoplay conceived by the wife of a factory foreman, and produced under a revolutionary policy.

"Judgment of the Storm" is drama of the people, by one of the people, for the people. It is rooted in the fertile soil of everyday life.

Millions await this advance guard in the national movement inaugurated by its producers to open wide the studio gates to undiscovered creative genius. It symbolizes the realization of an ambition shared by millions, to find self-expression through the universal medium, the motion picture screen.

It is the first of the most talked of series of pictures ever announced by a producer. Mrs. Middleton's story was created directly for the screen, but it is drama so gripping that Doubleday Page & Company have *written a novel from the scenario,* which will be on sale in book shops wherever the picture is shown—exactly as the late Emerson Hough wrote his novel, "The Covered Wagon," from the scenario of that title which he first conceived for the screen.

A Housewife with Pluck

The author is a Pittsburgh housewife who wanted to write for the screen, and *did* it; just an intelligent, ambitious woman who had never written before, but who did not hesitate on that account to *try*.

She has brought to the millions a screen play of vital force; so vital that a great publishing house immortalizes its drama between the covers of a book.

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ALL STAR CAST

LLOYD HUGHES — CLAIRE McDOWELL
MYRTLE STEDMAN — PHILO McCULLOUGH
LUCILLE RICKSEN — CASSON FERGUSON
GEORGE HACKATHORNE — CLARENCE BURTON
BRUCE GORDON

Directed by DEL ANDREWS
Produced by
PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION
Distributed by
FILM BOOKING OFFICES OF AMERICA
723 Seventh Ave., New York
Ask your theatre when it will be shown
Coming Releases:
"UNGUARDED GATES"
"LOST"

Her characters might be *you,* as they move through tense situations which hold the spectator spellbound. They think as you would; they react to universal emotions as everyday people.

And the great snow storm is the peak of screen realism. It is the kind of blizzard you have heard your grandparents try to describe, but, like the real, it beggars description.

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Last year Mrs. Middleton clipped a coupon like the one on this page and through the creative test which that coupon brought her, satisfied herself that her *desire* to create screen drama was *backed up by natural ability.*

Mrs. Middleton was paid $1,000 advance on royalties based on the profits of "Judgment of the Storm" for five years.

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The Palmer Photoplay Corporation—which produces pictures, sells scenarios to other producers, and trains the unknown writer in photoplay technique—promises you an honest, frank analysis of your ability through the creative test.

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Complete Story on Page 4

Movie Weekly

December 1
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A Beautiful Girl
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Rudolph Valentino
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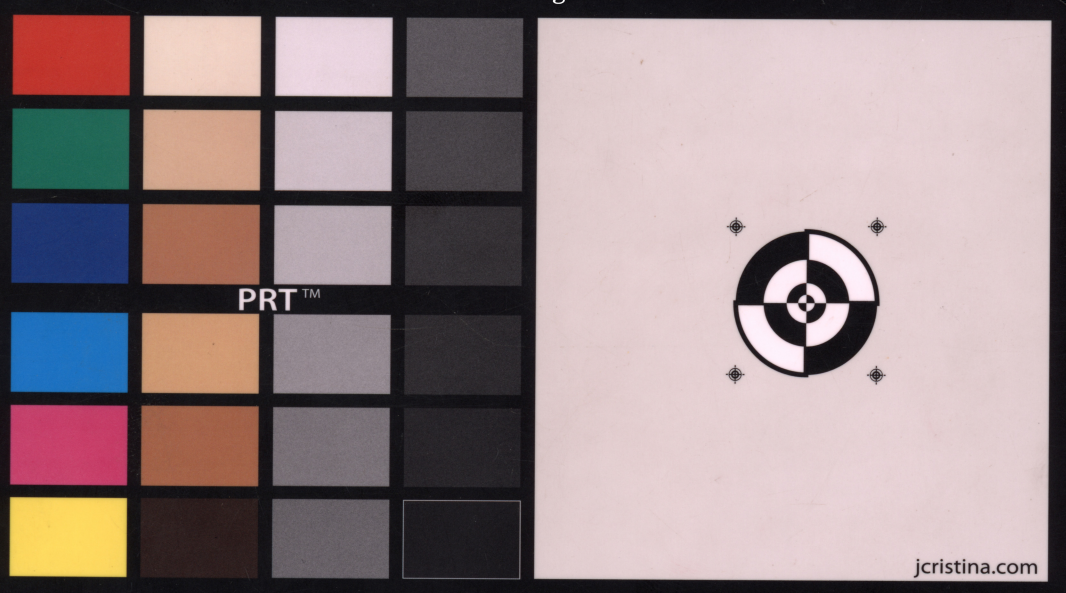
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